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THE OLDEN DAYS.

BY J. P.

Through pine and hemlock whistles the storm,
Rocking the old roof-tree,
And never before so cosy and warm
Has our cottage seemed to me;
Never before has our hearthstone seemed
So like an altar's blaze,
Never so before have your soft eyes beamed
With the love of the olden days.

Snow-bound are we, by the wintry storm
From the great world forced apart;
But here in our cottage, cosy and warm,
What a world of the human heart!
The old mummer, Care, in his corner cowers,
And we gather around the blaze,
Content with the joy that for ever is ours
In the love of the olden days.

The Love That Lives.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HER FATHER'S SIN," "A CAPITAL CHARGE," "ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

IT IS early in the afternoon of the same day that Lilith Jaxon, in perfect health and the highest spirits, and all unconscious of the net that is gradually being drawn tighter around her, sets off in her handsome carriage to make a round of calls.

"You might just as well come with me, Charlie," she says, as she pauses in the hall to contemplate her step-daughter, who, deep in a novel, is curled up in the corner of a large arm-chair close to the roaring wood fire.

Miss Jaxon looks up, rather cross at the disturbance.

"Why did you not suggest it before?" she says. "I should keep you waiting now. Besides——"

"Oh, I don't mind for ten minutes!" Lilith interrupts. "Come, leave your book! The drive will do you good. You know I hate going alone, and your father is busy this afternoon."

Unwillingly enough the young lady rises, and runs off to prepare. Her toilet never detains her very long, and the ten minutes' grace has scarcely expired before she returns.

"That dress suits you to perfection," Lilith remarks, surveying with approval the trim little figure in the pale-gray cloth gown and jacket bordered deeply with chinchilla fur.

"I'm glad you approve," laughs the girl, catching the infection of Lilith's good spirits, and beginning forthwith to long for the touch of the keen cool breeze. "But we had better not keep the horses longer. Are you ready?"

"It will do them no harm to have a little of the wickedness taken out of them," Mrs. Jaxon returns. "They've been eating off their heads in the stable for a week and are just as full of mischief as kittens."

This fact the off-wheeler immediately proceeds to demonstrate by rearing and pawing the air, because the coachman has signified his intention of bringing the carriage up to the door. Charlie, who knows nothing of fear, laughs at the animal's little prank.

"You'll have your beauty spoiled one of these days, if you will persist in driving such fiery wretches, Lilith," she says, as she follows her father's young wife down the steps into the victoria.

"It's a delicious day for a drive; we would go and see Una, if only she were at Scotton. The idea of racing to town before Easter week is over! However, each to their own taste!" murmurs Lilith. "I wonder whether Nina Carnegie will be at home at this unearthly hour? It isn't three o'clock yet."

"Oh, sure to! She loves gossip at any moment of the day or night," laughs Charlie. "Really, Lilith, these horses are perfectly vicious to-day"—for a gipsy van, standing upon the grassy margin of the road, has caused the pair to career madly to the other edge, nearly landing the victoria and its occupants in the ditch.

"It is to be hoped that we shall not meet—— Good gracious, Charlie, there positively is one coming along! Those abominable traction engines! Rufus can never endure them. And to-day, when he is so wild already!"

Mrs. Jaxon has actually turned pale from fear. Charlie, who has shared hitherto the common belief that her step-mother has no nerves, stares.

"Never mind! We're all right," she says soothingly. "You can't be well to-day, Lilith, or you would not be so timid. It is not like you."

Perhaps it is a prevision of her own sad fate that causes the brilliant beauty to lean forward and regard the puffing engine with wide-open eyes of dread, and to watch intently the behavior of the incorrigible Rufus.

The men in charge of the machine have drawn it to one side of the road and shut off the steam; Dawson, the coachman, is gathering up the reins so as to be ready at the first symptom to check any rebellion on the part of the horses. All may yet be well; and Lilith sinks back into her place with a sigh of relief.

"Yes, I am very, unaccountably foolish," she begins, then breaks off, and utters a terrified scream.

As the carriage is passing the engine, the steam begins to escape from the safety-valve, the sudden outburst scaring the already excited horses beyond control. Swerving sharply, they swing the carriage right round and across the path and into the hedge; then taking the bits between their teeth, they are off in the direction of home.

Faster and faster they go. Terrified beyond all self-restraint, Lilith utters shriek after shriek, at the same time tossing away the rugs that impede her movements.

"For mercy's sake, sit still!" cries Charlie, who herself is pale enough by now, but sits calm and collected, in spite of the peril that threatens her. "Lilith, don't be such an idiot! If you jump out you'll be killed."

Even in her own fear the girl wonders at the overwhelming panic that has seized the other woman. That Lilith, who has so often held Easter's want of courage up to ridicule, should give way to such unreasoning terror in the moment of danger seems to Charlie incredible.

There is another lurch, as the carriage is bumped against a pile of stones; another shriek, shrillier than ever, from Mrs. Jaxon, who, in her madness, springs to her feet, and stands erect in the victoria, swaying with every jolt, while she strives to free herself from the arms which Charlie has thrown round her waist.

"Sit down!" the girl implores. "The horses will be all right soon. Oh, Lilith, sit down, or you will——"

Another heap of stones, another lurch, and Charlie's worst dread is realized. The unhappy Lilith is pitched violently over the side of the carriage, and lies, face downwards, stunned and motionless, on the hard ground. Then the frantic horses, whose progress has been checked for a few seconds by the stone-heap, make another plunge, and the victoria, turning over on its side, falls heavily right across Lilith's back, Charlie and the two servants being precipitated into a ditch, from which they rise almost immediately, very little worse for their fall.

* * * * * *

"It is right that you should know, Mr. Jaxon—she may—probably she will—recover consciousness. But her back is broken; nothing can save her!"

This is the verdict of the doctor who first examines Mrs. Jaxon, as she lies upon the couch in the library, whither they have borne her. The wintry sun is streaming in through the windows, casting its radiance upon the pale expressionless face and closed eyes.

In spite of the position in which she fell, her features are not injured, and she looks as fair now as in her gayest days, and far more spirituelle. Her husband, gazing down upon the form of her he has loved so well, can scarcely endure his pain. To think of that life cut off in its bloom—oh, it is pitiful!

They have cut off her clothes. She is robed loosely in a soft white dressing-gown, and covered with a large white-satin eider-down quilt, over which her long tresses, always one of her chief charms, stray in rippling profusion.

"Send for any doctors from London who understand such cases," Mr. Jaxon says hoarsely. "I can't believe—oh, I can't believe that there can be only death in store for her! My wife! My darling wife!"

They are left alone together, the heart-broken husband, the unconscious wife. At present no one can do anything for her; when she recovers her senses, then will be the time that help and science may come to her aid, the doctor says. Thus sadly two or three hours slowly pass. It is not until the door opens to admit the physician, who has been summoned by telegram from London, that Lilith opens her eyes and smiles.

"Why, what is the matter? What has happened?" she says, almost in her usual voice. "Why am I undressed and in the library like this?"

Mr. Jaxon stoops over her, scanning her countenance eagerly.

"My darling!" he almost sobs, in a rapture of relief. "Then you do not suffer? You are not much hurt after all?"

"Suffer? No! How should I?" Then, recollection slowly returning—"Oh, I remember, those horrid horses, and the carriage swaying backwards and forwards, like a ship at sea! But never mind; I am all right, and not a scrap injured. Let me get up."

Then, as she tries to stir, for the first time a troubled expression comes into the blue eyes; yet even now she endeavors to laugh.

"Is this the doctor?" she says, glancing at the stranger who is regarding her so attentively. "How do you do? But is it not funny? I can't move my legs. Indeed I don't even feel as though I had any!"

The great man grows graver yet; sitting down by her side, he asks two or three questions, and slips his hand tenderly beneath her. Then, withdrawing it again, he moves away and meets the husband's look of anguish.

"I can do nothing," he says softly, with a sad shake of the head. "She is past human aid."

Whether he has intended her to do so or not, Lilith catches his words. With a cry of terror she clasps her hands, and turns her face towards him.

"What?" she wails, in pitiful consternation. "What? Do you mean that I am to die?"

Doctor Sturgeon goes close to her again.

"Calm yourself," he says quietly. "Perhaps it may not be for four and twenty hours or so. But there is no hope; it would be cruel to deceive you."

She laughs in his face—a laugh of terror.

"Absurd!" she answers. "Why, I have not a particle of pain anywhere! Do people die feeling well and strong, as I do? Doctor, I shall prove you wrong yet!"

The physician stands gazing down at her, a world of pity in his shrewd gray eyes. She is so young and so incomparably beautiful.

"No one will be happier than I to see you do so, madam," he answers quietly. "Yet, in case I should be right, if you have any worldly affairs to settle, let me warn you that there should be no delay."

She raises a white hand to brush away the hair from her forehead. Her lips are parched, her heart is beating heavily, lines never seen before are making themselves visible round the mouth.

"How long do you give me?" she asks at last, from between her closed teeth; and, as the reply comes, she shudders.

"Certainly six hours, probably twelve, possibly twenty-four. I wish I could say longer, Mrs. Jaxon; but it is better that you should learn the truth."

She draws a long deep breath; then for five minutes she lies still and silent, while the Doctor watches her, and her husband, his face hidden amongst the pillows that support her, caresses her weak fingers. At last she speaks.

"And only this morning when I got up I was reckoning how much of life I had before me. I shall be twenty-seven next month, and I thought that, with my constitution; I might expect to see eighty-seven—sixty long bright years! And now I must die—perhaps to-day."

Doctor Sturgeon turns away. He, accustomed as he is to scenes of death, cannot bear to watch the agony of those blue beseeching eyes.

"I ought to repent," the dying woman continues, a sense of her sins suddenly striking a chill to her heart. "But I don't know how! Ah for but one more year—one month—even one week!"

"My love, they shall fetch the Rector at once. He——"

But she waves her hand impatiently.

"No! Let me see him afterwards. But first send for Una and for Norman Fergusson," she cries, in a sharp incisive tone, quite unlike her own. "Telegraph for them, or it may be too late. And I dare not die with all this guilt lying unacknowledged upon my soul!"

CHAPTER XVII.

It is Charlie who replies to Lilith's request. Some minutes ago she crept softly into the library, and, unwilling to disturb the profound stillness of the chamber, sank into a chair near the door to wait. But she has come as a messenger, and knows that there must be no needless delay in executing her commission.

"Dear, they are here already," she whispers, speaking more tenderly than she has ever spoken to her step-mother before. "And they are most anxious to see you. May I bring them up?"

The strained drawn face flushes for a few seconds, and then becomes paler than ever.

"My day is over then!" the woman murmurs. "Kiss me, my husband, once more, while you can love me. How good you have been to me, dear—and how little I have deserved it!"

She has drawn the gray head down beside her own, and is stroking the lips which have so often been pressed caressingly upon her brow. In an agony of grief he throws his arms about her.

"Oh, love, you have been all the world

to me! You have made my happiness ever since I met you," he cries, in his blindness and ignorance. "There is nothing—nothing with while you can reproach yourself!"

But she is smiling—a solemn mysterious smile which strikes terror even to his trusting heart.

"Wait," she answers softly. "I would spare you if I could. I would spare myself! But I am dying—dying—" her voice rising to a shriek. "Let me make what amends I may."

Already the Countess, with her husband and Norman, is beside her. In haste the three have journeyed from London as soon as possible after Easter's arrest, determined at all risks and every cost to wring the truth from the guilty person. And they have arrived to find her thus!

With her last words Lilith looks straight into Norman's eyes.

"I'm sure I don't know how much you have found out or what you guess," she murmurs. "Yes, if you have any pity for a poor dying wretch, who certainly deserves no pity at your hands, help me all you can. I want to undo as much as possible of the evil I have wrought now. Ah, how little that is!"—as she wipes a tear from her cheek.

Norman addresses the Earl, instead of answering her. He will spare her as much as he may.

"Zillwood, you are a magistrate. Will you take down her deposition? It will save her going through it all again."

Mr. Jaxon starts.

"Of what are you talking?" he cries, in a tone that goes to the hearts of his hearers. "What has she to do with magistrates in her dying moments? Lilith, shall I send them away?"

Once more—for the last time—she smiles upon him—a grateful smile which her husband will remember to the last day of his life.

"No!" she answers. "You cannot help me now, dear. I must dree my weird, bitter as it is! Mr. Fergusson, what am I to tell first?"

"Your share in the Oldcourt mystery," he answers calmly, in spite of the aching pity that fills his soul.

The dying woman looks surprised.

"Ah, you are wiser than I supposed!" she says. "Well, I will answer, and as shortly as I can, for my time is nearly over. I am the criminal—I murdered Miss Richardson."

"You!" comes from Mr. Jaxon's lips.

"I was obliged to get money or money's worth from somewhere. I had married my husband pretending to be a rich widow, when I was no widow, but only a deserted wife, with but a hundred pounds in the world. Where my first partner in life is at present I neither know nor care" with a reckless laugh. "Where the hundred pounds went perhaps it would be as hard to guess. I suppose I spent most of it during the first day after our marriage, trying to keep up the character I had assumed. Then, when only twenty pounds remained, I determined to try the Stock Exchange."

She pauses for a few seconds to rest. The doctor, who has been out of the room for a few minutes, returns with a cordial, which he offers her. She drinks it greedily.

"Oh, that is better! Twenty pounds is a small capital, and naturally soon came to an end. I dared not ask my husband for more, lest he should discover the truth as to my want of means, when my every endeavor was to keep him in the dark. Then, in an evil day for me, I made the acquaintance of Major Montgomery. He lent me large sums, at a fabulous rate of interest; and they followed the little that had gone before, until I was five thousand pounds in debt, and he was pressing for his money."

Mr. Jaxon's head is bowed upon his hands now—even when her voice fails he does not look up.

"If I could not apply to you before, much less could I ask for such a sum," she continues, addressing herself directly to him. "I thought if you found me out in the one deception you might go to work and discover the rest; and I had no wish to be sent away from you and my home here, with all its comforts. So I disguised myself as much as I could. I made myself look fat; I shaved off my eye-brows, which have never grown right ever since—even now they have to be pencilled every day—I took out my front teeth—I have worn false ones ever since I had an accident when a child—I put a large bead into my mouth to make my cheek look swollen and to change my voice. So disguised, and limping in my walk, I went for a companion I had chanced to see. You thought that I was in Lancashire nursing a sick relative, and never guessed that I was otherwise engaged. I had visited Oldcourt and known the old lady a little when I was quite young, so I was aware of her habit of keeping jewels and money in the house. How I got possession of the former, I think Mr. Fergusson could tell as well as I."

Norman bows.

"Yes. You sent Mary Smith for the chloroform, and yourself poisoned Miss Richardson in her sleep," he replies.

Una and Charlie, deathly pale, shiver at the accusation. But Lilith is perfectly calm.

"You are right. But of one thing I think that even you, with all your cleverness, are not aware. If I had not taken the jewels, some one else would have! The job had shaken even my nerves, which were strong usually, but apt, as Charlie can testify"—with a glance at the shrinking girl—"to give way at a crisis. I was sewing my spoils into the lining of my dingy brown dress up-stairs, when I heard the creaking of a door below. Dreading I can't say what, I crept to the head of the staircase just in time to see Sir Auriol enter Miss Richardson's room. Three minutes later he rushed out, looking dreadfully pale; he had discovered the truth, and knew that there was no need for him to commit any crime now. Miss Richardson's threat to disinherit him—Oh, you know of that, do you? Well I, as well as Mary Smith, overheard it, for I suppose Mary Smith, whom you told Easter in that letter you had found, was your informant. But, as I was saying, Miss Richardson's threat to disinherit Sir Auriol could never be carried out now. Sir Auriol looked half mad with terror and remorse as he dashed down-stairs and out of the front door, which he shut behind him; and I went back to my work, thinking how nicely he had made all secure for me. For, with the other doors fastened, he could not return, but must wait outside until daylight, when, of course, the whole weight of suspicion might be made to fall upon him. Imagine my surprise then when, the next morning I met him on the staircase!"

She stops again, making a sign for more wine. When she recommences, her voice is weaker and hoarser.

"I must hurry," she says. "You know of course how he got back by the entrance which Mary Smith left open. I had not even heard her go, by-the-way. Ah, it was his kindness to me, the lame, unattractive companion at that time, that led to his own death, for, from that moment, I, who knew the secret of his guilty thought, and by that bond, strange as it may seem, felt drawn towards him, loved him!"

For the second time tears dim the brightness of her eyes.

"Was it any wonder after I had thought of him for weeks, and schemed by day and by night to get acquainted with him, that, when he came here and slighted me for Easter's sake, I should begin to hate him?" she cries, her voice growing louder. "Was it any wonder that when once—twice—I offered him my love, by looks, yes, and even by words, I should grow mad at having it rejected? Yet so it was. And then—then I took revenge. I had it all mapped out from the night of your ball, Una, when I exchanged the letter which Mr. Fergusson had written for a forged note. I meant her to marry Sir Auriol! I meant to murder him, and to let the blight of the horrible accusation fall upon her and crush her. Once, and only once, I faltered. That once I gave him a chance for his life; and again he rejected it—flung back my love in my face. And so I worked out my plot to the bitter end. And now, as I lie here dying, his dead face rises"—her voice breaking into a scream of terror—"rises to reproach me. Ah, take him away! Take him away!"

With a frantic effort she flings herself from one side of the couch to the other, as though to escape from some horrid vision. The doctor, with an exclamation of horror, rushes to her side, and lays his hand upon her shoulder.

"You will harm yourself," he cries. "Do you wish to hasten the end?"

She opens her gazing eyes, and looks about her.

"Where am I?" she moans. "Husband—forgive me—all my wrong——"

"Send for the Rector," whispers Una to her husband. "If any one can help now——"

But Doctor Sturgeon interposes.

"No one can," he murmurs, closing the staring eyes. "No one can! That movement was fatal. She is dead."

Miss Richardson, whose advertisement

Then he lays back the fair head upon the cushions, and crosses the hands upon the breast, while the shades of evening fall upon the face that but this morning was laughingly radiant and gay.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MORE than a year has come and gone since the morn when Lilith Jaxon's last sad words of confession were uttered and her final prayer for her husband's pardon was breathed; and this afternoon Scotton Castle within and without is bright with May flowers, the faces of pretty women, and the sound of happy voices.

It is the first really summerlike day that the year has brought, and, to enjoy it to the full, all the company have adjourned to the gardens, and are at this moment gathered under the spreading oak that shades the lawn or wandering up and down the broad graveled paths that intersect the beds of many-tinted foliage plants.

"I wonder when, if ever, my place will look as restful and inviting as yours does, Zillwood," says Norman, as he lights a cigar and surveys the scene from the conservatory steps.

"The day after you have enthroned your queen there, my dear fellow—to your eyes, at any rate, whatever it may look to other people's!" returns Caryl. "Easter will do for you just what her sister long ago did for me—make a house into a home!"

Norman smiles, and turns into the conservatory to look at the exotics; he likes to linger in the almost tropical warmth. A thorough lover of luxury is the ex-detective, his friends declare. That however, as he himself knows, is owing to no change in his nature; but now he can afford to enjoy what once he could only view from a distance.

"What a worshipper your wife still owns!" he says, looking affectionately at the Earl's burly form. "May I make half as good a husband as you have done, Zillwood!"

"You ought, if, as folk declare, trials go to perfect us!" returns the other. "Who would have dared to say eighteen months ago that Easter and you would be spliced within two years? Yet to-morrow is pretty near now!"

A flush rises to the younger man's face. Who realizes that fact better than he who has waited so long and so patiently?

"No thanks to that unfortunate Lilith Jaxon that it is to bring me joy!" he says, trying to hide his emotion under a careless laugh. "I've often thought since her death what a wonderfully clever woman she was. If only she had used her talents for good instead of for evil, the world would have been all the better for her presence in it. Well, love, and what do you want?"—with the most tender of intonations, for a dainty hand has been slipped within his arm, and two dark eyes are looking half shyly into his.

"Una says you're both to come to tea, as it's the last time she'll be able to pour it out for us for ever so long"—with a vivid blush.

"And how does the wedding-gown fit?" says Caryl, as the three emerge into the sunshine. "The glimpse I caught of it, hanging in Una's dressing-room, was quite enticing, I assure you, Norman."

Easter's face glows.

"You shall judge to-morrow," she answers. "My new maid is a treasure, Norman; I never had one so quick or anxious to please me. She's a great deal cleverer too even than Susan. I like Mary Smith immensely!"

"Norman," whispers a sweet voice later on that night, as hand in hand the lovers wander together in the grounds, which are illuminated only by the silver moonbeams now—"Norman, have you forgotten that book you once promised to write and give me?"

For a moment he does not understand her. Then he smiles.

"I thought you had forgotten it," he says. "Besides, now that we all know the end of the story, what's the good of raking up the details?"

She shakes her head. Evidently that argument has not much weight.

"You did it for me," she says, "and I want it. Ah, Norman"—as he draws her hand again within his arm—"what have you not done for me, dear?"

"Not half what I've done for myself," he replies, "for I've gained you!"

"What a gain!" she cries, with a happy laugh. "And don't you give me yourself in return?"—very softly.

They are all alone beneath the trees. Norman bends and kisses the young girl's lips.

"My wife!" he murmurs.

"Oh, how happy I am!" the girl whispers. "Norman, if only everybody else were as happy too! Think of my poor father!"

The young Baronet's face clouds.

"Dear, he will find comfort later!" he says. "This scheme of his to travel as soon as to-morrow is over is the best idea possible; he ought to have left Rockleigh long since, instead of nursing his grief."

"True! And yet——"

Again Norman stoops and kisses her.

"My love, let us dream only of joyous things this evening. Just consider how content Bowers is in her cottage in Wales, nursing her sick mother. And Barbara Barker ought to be satisfied too, married to the man of her choice! Poor man!"—with a comic face of pity for the husband. "There are at least two whose future your generosity has sweetened."

Easter however looks graver than ever. Her lover's words have revived sad memories.

"They deserved something," she declares. "Without Barker's evidence I should never have felt quite sure that everybody would believe me innocent."

"You goose! When Lilith's confession——"

"Unhappy Lilith!"—pensively. "How little she can have imagined that Bowers would keep those scraps of paper that she herself left in the pocket of her ball-dress! It seemed too dreadful, with her only just laid in the grave, to find her first attempts at imitating your handwriting, and the rough draft of the letter which so deceived me. And that Bowers too should be able to tell of the sale of the diamonds and the payment to that wretched Major! Poor Lilith! She plotted well. But——"

"But failed, as she thoroughly deserved to fail. No, Easter, not another word! I can't think what has come over us all to-day! Why, even Caryl and I have been discussing the past, which is a thing we hardly ever do. Let us forgive the dead, and pray that they may rest in peace!"

* * * * * *

"Norman, why has all this joy come to us? I have deserved it so little—oh so little!" Easter says as, three days later, they stand alone together, husband and wife, on the banks of a rippling stream, each seeking for the reflection of the face in the clear water.

He bends over her, a world of loving tenderness in his eyes.

"Why? Ah, don't let us ask why, dearest!" he answers. "Only let us accept the happiness, and all our lives be thankful for such a gift. As we shall be, Easter, for ours is not a bliss to pass and die. It will last for ever! Ours, sweetest, is the love that lives."

THE END.

A Woman's Signal.

BY T. L. B.

NO, HARRY, I detest concealment, and I have determined to tell my uncle of our marriage. I am sorry that we made any secret of it at all, but it was my fault, dear, and all because I have such a morbid horror of anything in the shape of a scene——"

"And do you imagine you are going to get through without a scene?" interrupted Harry Cross.

Mrs. Lottie made a little grimace, which was rather becoming to her piquante, pretty face, and playfully pinched the strong arm she was leaning against.

"Of course there will be a scene, Harry; but somehow I think it won't affect me so much as it might have affected Lottie Vere. You've no idea what a courageous person Mrs. Harry Cross has become. Oh, what's that? Oh, Harry! save me—save me!"

And a wild, ear-piercing shriek suddenly broke from the pale lips of this courageous young person.

"In heaven's name, Lottie, my darling!" exclaimed her companion, almost as pale as herself, as he raised her in his stalwart arms.

As he did so, his terrified young wife, struggling and shrieking, shook off a trailing vine which had twisted about her ankle as they paced to and fro, and then she began to laugh hysterically.

"Forgive me, dear—how I must have startled you!" she exclaimed, between tears and laughter. "I thought it was a snake. Now don't dare to laugh, Harry! I am not a coward; I am equal to almost any degree of courage; but I draw the line at reptiles."

Harry kissed her, still trembling from the fright she had given him, and then, in a most reluctant tone, said—

"I must go now, sweetheart. My train

will be ready in ten minutes, and I have never been a second behind time since the company employed me, and it must never be said that Harry Cross, married, is less punctual than Harry Cross, bachelor."

"No, indeed, dear, that would never do!" said the pretty bride of two weeks, as she released the arm she had been clinging to; "and since the strike, which isn't well over even yet, you can't be too particular. But I didn't know you smoked when on duty, Harry. Let me strike the match, dear; I like to light your cigar for you."

And taking the little silver match-case from his hand, she quickly struck the match and held the flame to the end of his cigar till it was well lighted.

"I never smoked when on duty," he said, then. "It would be quite against rules; but I shall have finished my cigar before the train starts, and I think it quiets and steadies me for the journey. Good-bye, sweet girl—I haven't a second to spare now—good-bye!"

And with a hurried embrace, Harry fled away through the trees, down a hill, then across a level plain of a few hundred yards, and Lottie presently saw him reappear again on the platform of the station, where the locomotive he guided was already puffing and snorting.

"Dear fellow," she thought, turning away with a sigh. "All the courage leaves me the moment he goes. I'm afraid Uncle Phil will be awfully angry when I tell him of my marriage; but he would have been angry, anyway, and as I was determined to marry Harry, I might as well have a scene after as before, particularly as nothing now can part us. Why, if this isn't Harry's dear little match-box that I gave him at Christmas! I forgot to give it back to him. No matter, though, since he doesn't smoke on duty he won't want it, and the very thought of having something belonging to him gives me courage again. Now I will go down through Glyndon Gap, and I can get a glimpse of him once more as the train goes by. It is such a lonely place, I would hardly have dared go alone if I hadn't Harry's box."

And with a loving touch to the little silver box, Lottie put it away safely in her pocket, and turned toward the Gap.

This was a railroad cutting through a heavy growth of trees, whose drooping foliage on either side of the track made a somewhat gloomy twilight even in broad daylight; and now that night was coming on, it seemed already to have fallen in that dark solitude.

But Lottie was not thinking of that, for she already heard the shriek of the locomotive as it left the station, and she could feel the tremor of the earth as the train came swiftly on, and a moment afterward the blazing eye of the headlight was in sight, and the next moment the train swept by into the gray of the gathering night.

Harry had seen her and kissed his hand to her, and then she was alone and tremblingly conscious of the gloom and solitude surrounding her.

She hastened along the footpath, being frightened almost into crying out, when she suddenly found herself face to face with a couple of grimy-looking roughs.

But as they touched their greasy caps respectfully, with a civil "Good-evening, miss!" she concluded in the same moment they were railroad hands; and reassured by that thought, hastened onward, and in a brief while found herself, thankfully enough, in the village where she took a cab home to her uncle's house.

All the way home—a drive of about ten or twelve minutes, Lottie was putting into form the confession of her secret marriage, that she had determined without further delay to make to her uncle, who was also her guardian, and adopted father.

It was, therefore, with a feeling of decided disappointment that she learned on her arrival home that Mr. Vere, who was an official of the railroad company, has been called away by business at the other end of the line.

However, the first disappointment once over, she felt grateful to have the evil hour put off once more, because she would see her husband again the next day, and that would doubtless bring her renewed courage.

She had bought some exquisite white silk handkerchiefs as a birthday gift for Harry, and on these she was engaged in working a monogram composed of "H. C." with the glossy strands of her own dark hair.

"I believe I have tired myself," she said, with a laugh, putting away the last handkerchief now completed and rubbing both hands over the throbbing temples. "How my head burns, and such ring, almost like voices in tively I can almost fancy "Not to-night; to-morrow down-train is due. That will more certain too."

Again and again those word selves over and over in her bra memory of something once quite forgotten, till of a sud started to her feet as if a shock tricity had shot through her.

The down-train was due in half hour, and her husband was bringing And in the same instant came the thought that she must have heard those words the evening before as she came through the Gap. Yes, she was now sure of it, though she had been so preoccupied at the moment that they had no meaning for her.

But now, as if by a flash of light, she comprehended all. The two roughs she had met were doubtless a couple of discharged strikers, and their intention was to wreck and plunder the train.

In less time than it takes to tell it, Lottie was dressed and out on the highway and speeding towards the station.

But as she flew along her brain worked quickly; there would not now be time to reach the station, and no messenger could help her; for, after all she was only acting on a suspicion, an intuition. She was soon close to the spot where she had last seen Harry.

Yes, she was in "The Gap," through which Harry's train must pass before it could reach the station; and as she suddenly tripped and almost fell in the sudden twilight obscurity, she knew that her worst fears were realized.

Twenty or thirty feet of the rails were torn from the track and piled in a heap at the one dangerous spot in the place—a deep ravine near the edge of the track, into which the wrecked train, coming at full speed, must inevitably fall when thrown from the track!

Lottie felt a tremor as of death pass over her, and she turned sick with terror and nervous apprehension.

Her slender hands were twisted together as she looked up and down the track. To reach the station was hopeless. She could hear far off the warning whistle of the approaching train.

She turned toward it, white, trembling, and then instantly her nerves were like steel, her brain became steady. She murmured, in a low, intense whisper,—

"Help me, oh, Heaven! If I cannot save him, I can die with him!"

And then she flew onward, up the track, toward the approaching train.

Two evil faces peered out from behind some brushwood, and their glaring eyes looked after her with hate and fury.

"She'll flag the train, an' all our plans be knocked. Why, didn't you let me kill her?" muttered one of the wreckers.

"We'll have enough to answer for," returned the other, surlily. "What can a girl do? She has no flag, and they won't see her. She is dressed in white, and that don't mean danger."

"See her now! By the Lord, but she's plucky!"

And drawing his pistol, he took aim, and a bullet sung past Lottie's head, where she stood in the middle of the track, waving a blazing signal to the approaching train.

As she fled toward it she had quickly torn off her white muslin skirt, and from Harry's match-safe, that still lay in her pocket all this time, she had struck a light. The skirt was soon a blazing torch—a strange but unmistakable signal of danger.

The train slowed rapidly—quicker, quicker—and as the charred and smoking remains of Lottie's pretty gown dropped on the track, she saw the train was motionless, and saw no more, for everything had turned dark, and she lay unconscious among the grass and fallen leaves of the roadside.

* * * * * *

"My brave girl—my beautiful, brave girl! what can I do to show my sense of your heroic behavior?" exclaimed Mr. Vere, with a trifle of his customary pomposity, but with all his genuine good feeling and affection for his adopted daughter.

Lottie lay among the silken cushions of the lounge where Harry had placed her, when they had recovered her from her swoon and brought her home.

"How much are you willing to do, uncle?" asked Lottie, roguishly, as she glanced from her guardian to her husband.

"Anything—anything!" exclaimed Mr. Vere, effusively.

"Well, in the first place, I must have a new gown," said Lottie; "and then I must transfer your gratitude to the real

cul... and ... ous false... acknowledg... blunder that a... bad marriage; and, a... ders this is the commone... which the parties to it most care... conceal from themselves. The reluct... which people feel to recognise, even in their own minds, an irreparable mistake such as this, is a measure of the sincerity with which they are willing to attribute ill-fortune to their mistakes in other pieces of conduct. Certainly nobody can blame them for making the best of what is irretrievable. If a man finds that his wife is shamefully extravagant, or a great fool, or a shrew, he may be more than pardoned for trying not to see what a fearful burden he has been at the trouble to tie round his neck. And when a woman finds that her husband is a tyrant, or intolerably self-opinionated, or openly indifferent to her, she is right in making the best of her bargain. Where a real false step has been taken everybody does all that he can to make it as little mischievous as may be. When people are found bemoaning some one blunder as the case of all their ills, instead of leaving the blunder to itself, we may be pretty sure that they do not mean what they say, or else that their ills have been the natural results, not of one false step, but of a confirmed habit of mental staggering and stumbling.

PLEASURE.—Society is not, and ought not be, exclusively devoted to serious concerns. The beneficent Creator of the universe would not have adapted human beings to the enjoyment of his gifts unless he intended that they should be enjoyed. With the law which enjoins industry comes the law of fruition. Why should the eye be formed to perceive natural and artificial beauty if it is not to be used for that purpose?

Why has the capacity to make instruments capable of emitting sweet sounds been given if such sounds are not to be heard? Why should the human structure be capable of the sweetest melody, and of graceful action, and of the delightful expression beaming from innocent and heavenly countenances, if pleasures from such sources were forbidden us? Why does the grape ripen, the silk-worm toil, the annual fleece return, the diamond sparkle, the marble yield to the chisel, and the canvas catch and preserve the inspiration of genius, but to waken human desire, animate industry, and reward with fruition? It is the excess and the abuse which are forbidden.

A CURIOUS Indian legend was told to some people out in Omaha by a full-blooded Sioux, who lives at Pine Ridge Agency. He said the belief was that every time a new moon appeared it was a signal for all the mice in the country to gather themselves together in one spot. When they assembled they then separated into four great armies. One army went to the North, another to the South, a third to the East, and a fourth to the West. These armies of mice traveled until they reached the point where, from the place of starting, the heavens seemed to touch the earth. Then they climbed up the sky until they came to the moon, which by this time was what we call full. All of the four armies then commenced nibbling at Luna, and when they had eaten her all up the mice would scamper back down the heavens to the earth and wait for her to show herself again, when the journey and the nibbling would be repeated by the mice; and this is what the Indians of early days believed was the cause of the moon growing old and finally disappearing

DEVASTATED BY MICE.—For some time past the hill grazings and rough pastures of six Scottish counties—Dumfries, Roxburgh, Kirkoudbright, Peebles, Selkirk, and Lanark—have been devastated by mice. In Roxburgh and Dumfries, from 80,000 to 90,000 acres, says a report recently presented to the Board of Agriculture, have been overrun by them.

be p... Devonshire... that if a circle be tra... round a sleeping viper, the reptile ... as unable to pass over it as if it had been made with the cactus-twigs so much in favor for a similar purpose in Mexico.

ST. JOHN'S EVE.—"St. John's Eve," described as an "Old English Idyl," is based upon a superstition connected with the observance of the Forerunner's Feast. According to the legend the maiden who at midnight on St. John's Eve plucks a rose and conceals it till Christmas Day will, if her love is to be happy, find it unfaded. Should she wear it, the man who takes it from her bosom will be her husband.

BEES.—In tropical countries, there are in every hive what one can only describe as "ventilating bees." That is to say, during the hot season two or three bees post themselves on their heads at the entrance of the hive, and fan the interior with the incessant motion of their wings. They are relieved at intervals by fresh bees, who carry on the process. They are kept to their duty by a sort of patrol of bees to ensure their incessant activity. This is a well-authenticated and known fact.

THE SNAIL.—Age at which production begins, five months; frequency of broods, one in about two and seven-tenths days; number in each brood, thirty, average; reproductive period, four months, March to July. Assuming that the reproductive season extends from March to September, and assuming further that the snail lives but two years, we have the following estimate of the total number of the offspring of a single pair: At the close of first season, 1800; 950 pairs at the close of second season, 1,805,000; original pair at close of second season, 1000. Total number of offspring in two years, 1,808,800.

SOMETHING FOR EACH.—It is an old custom among farmers in the Lowlands of Scotland to carry, every Christmas morning, a special supply of fodder to each individual animal in his stable and cow-house. Similarly, at St. Cuthbert's Church, Ackworth, in Yorkshire, a sheaf of corn was at one time suspended on Christmas Eve outside the porch, for the especial benefit of the birds. The inhabitants of North Clifton, Nottinghamshire, were formerly ferry free. On this account the ferryman and his dog were indulged with a dinner each at the vicar's at Christmas; the ferryman receiving of the inhabitants a loaf of bread.

THE SILK WORM.—Some silk worms lay from 1000 to 2000 eggs, the wasp 3000, the ant from 3000 to 5000. The number of eggs laid by the queen bee has long been in dispute. Burmeister says from 5000 to 6000, but Spence and Kerby both go him several better, each declaring that the queen of average fertility will lay no less than 40,000, and probably as high as 50,000 in one season. Termes fatalis, the white ant, is possessed of the most extraordinary egg-laying propensities of any known creature; she often produces 80,400 eggs in a single day. From the time when the white ant begins to lay until the egg-laying season is over—usually reckoned by entomologists as an exact lunar month—she produces 2,500,000 eggs. In point of fecundity the white ant exceeds all other creatures.

SUE: "Yes, the only things that make life endurable are art and poetry. By the way, did you know that the young poet, Warble, who has become so famous, had an elder brother?" He: "No. What does he do?" She: "He supports Warble."

...keep still in one place for ...inute at a time.

...s late, Grey," said the duke ...ly poor attempt at indiffer- ...ways is late. See that I write ... Director about it, will you? ...ing shameful the way this line ...aged. It must be twenty min- ...I know!"

...quite, your grace; about a quarter, ...d say," said Grey, pulling out his ...ch.

"Oh, put that watch away!" said the ...uke. "You have lugged it out twenty times during the last half-hour. Do you think I haven't seen you? I wish to heaven you'd go away if you must fidget."

"Beg pardon, your grace," said Grey from behind, and hiding a smile. "Shall I wheel your grace in, the air is rather——"

"Nonsense! It's as hot as—as a furnace. Are they coming yet? They seem to forget that I'm a director of this beastly line! By George, I'll go down to their next board meeting and make it hot for them! More accidents occur from the unpunctuality of trains than anything else. Ah, what's that?"

"They're coming, your grace!" exclaimed Grey.

The duke made a movement as if he were about to rise, then he sank back with a sigh.

"Go and tell them; they can't see as well as we can. See that everything is ready."

"Yes, your grace; but there's no need, they've seen the carriage," he added, as the servants began to move about like a hive of bees, and then, as if by mutual consent, swarmed upon the principal flight of steps from the terrace.

The carriage, with its four white horses, swept along the avenue, the postilions cracking their whips and keeping their steeds at a smart gallop; and presently Yorke, who had been leaning forward, said—

"The first view of the castle, Leslie!"

Leslie leant forward eagerly and a faint cry of amazement and delight escaped her.

"Oh, Yorke, how lovely, how lovely!" she murmured. "I had no idea it was so large or so beautiful. It is an Aladdin's palace! And look, Yorke, there is an arch of flowers! How kind of them! Oh——" she drew a long breath and sank back. "I think I am a little frightened by it all!"

He leant his arm on the side of the carriage and looked at her with a slight smile on his lips, and the light of a passionate love in his eyes.

The view before them was beautiful enough in all conscience, but the loveliness beside him transcended it! Six months of such happiness as falls to few mortals had done wonders for Leslie. It had brought back the color to her face, the light to her eyes, the music of youth's joy and love's ecstasy to her voice. It was the Leslie of Portmaris with something added, a something too delicately intangible for words, but the charm of which all felt who met and talked with her.

If it was possible Yorke had grown to love her with a deeper and more passionate love since their marriage, and his pride in her beauty had verged on the ridiculous; and sometimes Leslie, made to blush under his gaze, would put her hands over her eyes. The intensity of his love almost frightened her; and she was as one who fears for the safety of a precious vase which fate may overturn or some malignant wand cast from its pedestal and shatter.

The six months of happiness had wrought wonders for Yorke also. The wan and haggard, the hopeless, listless expression had vanished from his face, and in its place was a look of contentment and youthful energy which gave him back all the brightness that had helped to win Leslie's heart.

It was indeed, the old Yorke with his ready laugh and jest who sat beside his sweetheart-wife, as they bowled towards their future home.

"There you are!" he said presently. "You can see the terrace now. By George, what a mob! It's a regular reception! There'll be a speech for certain! Do you think you are equal to returning thanks, my lady? Just think over a few 'graceful phrases,' as the newspapers put it—something neat and short."

"Oh, don't Yorke!" she pleaded. "If you know how my heart was beating——"

"Let me feel it," he said promptly, seizing upon the excuse.

"No, no, sir! You mustn't! Fleming may look round any moment," and she cast a glance of mock warning at that important individual seated on the box. "But you may hold my hand, if you like. Isn't it trembling?" and she turned her eyes upon him piteously, though a soft smile played upon her parted lips. "Oh, Yorke, I feel so—so small before all this. I ought to have been six feet high, and very, very stately! And instead I feel so tiny and insignificant! There is one good thing, I shall be able to get behind you and hide myself. Do you know that you have grown dreadfully big, Yorke?"

He laughed.

"Have I? I daresay. Happiness, like laughter, makes one grow fat. I shouldn't be surprised if I developed into a kind of Daniel Lambert. There was one fat Rothbury. I'll show you his portrait, and if you like it I'll try and live up to it. Oh, what lots I have to show you! But, I forgot, I must leave that to Dolph. The dear old chap will love to trot you around the place, for he's proud of it, though he is always growling and calling it a barracks, and an overgrown show. Dear old Dolph! Now—oh, you are not going to cry?"

"No, no!" Leslie responded, wiping her eyes stealthily. "It—it was only the sun in my eyes. Oh, Yorke, how good Heaven has been to us in every way! Think how sad it would have been to have come home and found him gone from us!"

Yorke nodded with momentary gravity.

"Yes, Heaven has been very good to us, dearest," he said a low fervent voice. "In that as in all things."

The horses tore along as if they knew they were being eagerly waited for, and presently the sound of cheering rose and swelled into a volume as the carriage passed under the arch. As it passed Leslie looked up and uttered an exclamation of delight.

"Oh, look, Yorke!" she cried. "Yorke, look!"

Half-a-dozen of the prettiest of the village school-girls stood on a bower on top of the arch, and the moment the carriage was underneath they began to sing and throw roses into it.

"Stop, stop for one moment!" pleaded Leslie. "I—I want to speak to them. Oh, I can't, I can't!" she cried. "You speak, Yorke! Thank them, oh, thank them!"

They could not stop, and in despair Leslie snatched up one of the roses and kissed it at the children, and waved her hand.

"That's better than a speech," said Yorke delightedly. "Look at them clapping their hands, and hear them shouting. Commend me to Lady Auchester for doing the right thing in an emergency. Here we are!" he exclaimed, as the carriage drew up at the steps, and four grooms ran forward to the horses' head, and he got out and held his hand for her.

As they passed up the steps, lined on either side by the servants, the cheers were redoubled, mingled with shouts—

"Welcome home, my lord! Welcome home, my lady!"

At the top of the steps stood the grey-haired butler. Yorke nearly spoiled his short speech by shaking hands with him, but the old fellow stammered it out, and Yorke, with his wife on his arm, looked round with his bright smile, and opened his lips.

But, as he said afterwards, a lump came into his throat, and for a moment or two he could not utter a word, and even then he found himself stammering as the butler had done, as he said—

"Thank you, thank you! I should like to tell you how deeply I feel your kindness, but I can't, somehow! But I do feel it very much, and so does my wife, my dear wife——" he stopped suddenly, and in the unexpected silence, a voice—it was that of the scullery-maid, who had edged forward—was heard distinctly—"Oh, isn't she lovely!"

A proud light flashed into Yorke's eyes, and he held his head high.

"Yes," he said, "she is lovely! But she is something better than that; she is good—good!"

One touch of nature like this makes the the whole world kin, and a shout went up which echoed and re-echoed round the old walls.

Leslie stood "covered with blushes," but her hand closed on her husband's, and with a loving grateful pressure, as she looked up at him with a pride which equalled his own.

Then Yorke went quickly across the terrace—the servants drawing back with true delicacy—to where the bath-chair stood, and in another instant the duke's hand was grasped in his. But after an affectionate glance at his happy face the duke motioned him aside, and held out both hands towards Leslie.

"My welcome comes last, but it's not the least, my dear."

Leslie stood for a moment hesitating, her color coming and going, then she bent down and kissed him on the forehead.

His thin face flushed, and he held her a

...grief
...have lost
...back to me!
...gone for ever!
...rest, dearest!"
...pped forward hurriedly
...e anxiety in his manner; but
...motioned him back.

She put her arm round Yorke and laid her face against his—her own scarlet and white by turns—and in a voice inaudible to the rest whispered—

"I am here, dear Yorke! Don't you know—have you forgotten? It is I, Leslie—your wife!"

He looked puzzled for a moment, then a smile broke over his face and he laughed as he turned his face to her.

"I—I must have been dreaming, Leslie!" he said joyfully. "Yes, that's it! What an idiot I am! I forgot we were married yesterday! Think of it! Where are we? On the steamer—in Italy—where? My—my head feels queer, and the things work about me. Just—just tell me again, dearest."

"It is Leslie—your wife," she murmured; her love telling her what he wanted.

"Yes, yes!" he murmured, with a laugh of infinite content. "Married yesterday, of course; stupid things, dreams, Leslie! My wife! Married yesterday!"

Then with a sigh of blissful assurance; and perfect peace he closed his eyes and fell asleep on her bosom.

Lucy stood crying, the tears were rolling down the duke's wan cheeks, and even the doctor found it necessary to turn his head away.

Then Lucy found herself outside the room sobbing on Ralph Duncombe's shoulder.

"Oh, I am so happy!" she sobbed. "It is all right now!"

"All right?" he said with masculine density.

"Yes, don't you see? Didn't you hear!" opening her eyes. "She is bound to marry him now! Why, it is almost as if they were married already."

* * * * * *

The great duke who built Rothbury Castle was no fool.

He chose the best of the hills, placed his house on the brow amidst a belt of oaks and elms and surrounded by park-like lawns. He made the body and the two wings in a long facade facing due south, and all along the front he ran a terrace of white stone with flights of broad steps leading down to the lawns and Italian gardens, which were then in vogue.

From this terrace a view was obtained which was almost, not quite, as grand as that which enraptures the gaze from Richmond Hill; while looked at from below, the castle presented an appearance which might well be described as magnificent. Each succeeding duke had done what he could to improve, or at any rate maintain, the ancestral home, and all England was proud of Rothbury Castle.

On an evening in June the duke was seated in his bath-chair in a corner of the terrace looking wistfully and expectantly towards the most distant part of the drive, which wound round and about the tall elms like a yellow snake. Beside him stood Grey, also looking expectant, and every now and then covertly glancing at his watch behind his master's back.

Just below the terrace was an arch composed of laurels, studded with roses; the great flag and the Rothbury arms floated from one of the towers and other flags flapped in the soft breeze from Venetian masts, and lines stretched from point to point of the castle and grounds. Servants in their dark claret livery hurried to and fro or stood in groups looking towards the same spot on which the duke's eye was fixed. The hall door was open wide, and at the foot of the stairs stood the general servants of the household—all of them, from the stately housekeeper in satin to the scullery-maid in her black stuff dress and white apron. In fact, the whole place was in a state of pleasant excitement, and no one excepting the duke in his chair

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...LADY OLIVIA,"
...DALES' ORDEAL," "MOLLY'S
MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE two girls and the doctor watched beside Yorke throughout the morning, but he still lay motionless and apparently lifeless.

The doctor's face grew graver as the hours passed, and he drew Ralph aside.

"Better send for his friends," he said; "I had hoped to bring him round before this; there is Lady Eleanor Dallas——"

Ralph started. He and the rest of them had forgotten her.

He got on Yorke's horse, and rode full pelt for White Place.

"Their ladyships left by the first train this morning for the Continent, sir," said the butler; "Paris, I think, but I'm not sure; I was to wait till they sent their address."

Ralph rode back and whispered the result of his message to Lucy; she looked relieved.

"I—I am not sorry!" she said. "If she had come Leslie would have gone perhaps! No, I am not sorry! Oh, Ralph, if he should die!"

In the afternoon a fly drove up to the door and Grey helped the duke out. He was as white as the face that lay on the pillow upstairs, and for a moment or two he could not speak, but sat with lightly folded hands listening as Ralph told the whole strange story.

"Take me to him," he said at last.

They took him upstairs, and he started at sight of Leslie beside the bed; then he held out his hand, and Leslie put hers into it without a word; indeed, almost indifferently and without removing her eyes from Yorke's face. For her all the world lay there, hovering between life and death!

He stood watching Yorke for some time, then he went downstairs again.

"Will he live?" he asked the doctor.

The doctor gave the usual shake of the head and shrug.

"It is a difficult case, your grace," he said vaguely.

The duke put his hand before his eyes for a moment or two. "If he should die it will kill her!" He had been watching Leslie's face as well as Yorke's.

Two days passed. A stillness like that of death itself reigned over the little house. Towards evening Lucy implored Leslie to go to her room and take some rest.

"And leave him!" was the only response, and she held the limp hand still more tightly. The night fell and Leslie had sank on her knees with her face on the dear hand, praying silently, when she felt the hand against her cheek move. She raised her head and motioned to Lucy and the doctor and they drew back.

The hand moved again, and presently a thrill, that was almost an agony in its intensity, ran warm through Leslie's heart, for she saw the eyes she had watched hour by hour open slowly.

There was no life or intelligence in them for a minute or so, but Leslie bent over him and whispered his name. They lighted up, and a smile flickered on his face and his lips moved.

She bent still lower and heard him—surely no other could have caught those faint accents!—whisper her name.

"Yes, it is—Leslie!" she said.

He smiled again and his fingers closed over her's weakly, and yet clingingly.

"That's—that's right, my darling!" he said. "I knew you'd come! I've driven Stevens at the club half wild about the

moment, patting her arm in the way a man does when he is having a hard fight with his emotion.

"You're both looking very well, young people," he said, but without removing his eyes from Leslie's face. "Very well—and absurdly happy."

Leslie laughed, and her eyes dwelt on him with an expression of satisfaction and rejoicing, which he did not understand until she said—

"And you—oh, how well you look, how different."

He shook his head with one of his quaintly grim smiles.

"Yes. I'm very sorry, and I hope you'll both forgive me for being so inconsiderate, but I was never half so well in my life. I'm afraid I'm going to be a nuisance, and keep poor Yorke waiting for the title for a year or two."

"All right, Dolph," said Yorke in his old breezy voice. "We'll tell you when we're tired of waiting."

"Do, do!" he said. "Mind, that's a promise! Now you are tired, and want to rest before dinner. Yorke, you'll have to do the honors of the house; Leslie won't care to wait while I limp along."

Leslie drew his arm through hers and looked down at him with the smile a sister bestows upon a beloved and afflicted brother, and with an added tenderness too subtle for analysis.

"I will not go without you," she said. "Lean upon me, or rather I will lean upon you, for I am a little tired, and you are quite strong."

The duke's face flushed with pleasure and satisfaction as he got up.

"Very well," he said.

They entered the vast hall, and he pointed out the great staircase upon which Royalist and Roundhead had fought till the stairs ran with blood—the stains were there still, under the carpet; the old oak carving; the tattered banners which the Rothburys of old had borne in many a fight for king and country; the tapestry hangings, which not even Windsor could match; the oriel window of stained glass, brought piece by piece from Flanders; the long line of family portraits. Then he took her through the state apartments, with their gilded carvings and priceless furniture, grand lofty rooms, as splendid as anything she had seen, even in palatial Venice; to the library, which a studious, book-loving duke had constructed with infinite care and pains, and filled with choice editions; to the smaller rooms in which he and she and Yorke would live, and which with their modern decorations and furniture were the epitome of elegance and comfort. They went up the great staircase and along the broad corridors, lined with pictures and statuary.

"These are your rooms," he said, opening a door, and smiling as Leslie uttered a cry of amazement and delight. "You like them?" he said quietly, but evidently delighted at her delight. "I'm glad of that. It has been an amusement for me while you have been away getting them ready. I hope you'll find all you want, but you must remember that I am only a miserable bachelor, and make allowances if you miss anything."

"What shall I say to him, Yorke?" she said, appealing to Yorke helplessly.

The duke drew her on as if to escape her thanks.

"You shan't be bothered with more rooms now," he said. "To-morrow you shall see it all. You must get acquainted with your own house, you know, as soon as possible."

As he spoke Yorke, who had walked beside them, too moved for speech, stopped before the half open door and absently pushed it open.

It was a plainly-furnished room—very plainly, no silks or satins or inlaid furniture here, but an ordinary iron bedstead, and dressing-table and washstand of plain deal.

"My room," said the duke simply.

Leslie stopped and peeped in, then she stood still, surprised and touched at its simplicity.

"Why have you given us all the beautiful things, and left none for yourself, duke?" she said reproachfully.

He laughed.

"Oh, I'm simple in my tastes," he said. "But I have thought of furnishing this room as a boudoir for you, there is such a pretty view. Come in!"

She went in and to the window, but she did not look at the view, for her eye was caught by a picture hanging on the wall at the foot of the bed.

It was the picture her father had painted, and "Mr. Temple" had bought.

She looked at it in silence, and the tears filled her eyes; then she turned her lovely face to the duke and tried

"All right, my dear," voice, "I like to have it th me of old times. Reminds maria days, when, blinde conceit, I thought all wome and worthless. You have ope my dear, and I see more cl There! There!" for her tears "That is all past now."

He paused for a moment, then l eyes to her face with a tender rega murmured—

Love took up the harp of life, and smote
all its chords with might,
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed
in music out of sight.

"I suppose he has told you how it was with me, my dear?"

Leslie's eyes dropped for an instant, then she raised them and looked into his, and her hand closed tenderly on his thin one.

"Well," he said with a smile, "you must cut your heart in two, and give one-half to your husband, and the other to—your brother!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SIX WEEKS later, when the world of fashion was ringing with the praises of Lady Auchester's beauty and amiability, and the society papers were prophesying that the future Duchess of Rothbury would become the most popular of the leaders of ton, Leslie and Yorke drove in a hansom to St. John's Wood.

They were very silent during the journey, and when they stopped at the house in which the famous Finetta of the Diadem had held so many merry parties, Leslie got out of the cab alone.

She was inside the house nearly an hour and when she came out with her veil down and re-entered the cab she did not speak for some time, but held her husband's hand in eloquent silence.

"Well, dearest?" he said at last.

"Yes, I am glad I came," she said, in a low voice. "Very glad. Oh, Yorke, how changed she is! I scarcely knew her. You remember how strong and self-radiant she was? Now——" she stopped with a little sob "And yet she is so happy and cheerful. She spends all her time thinking and working for others; the poor girls at the theatre where she was come and see her, and she helps them in all sorts of ways. While I was there the clergyman came in, and he spoke a few words to me outside her room. He said that if ever there was a really good woman she was one."

"Poor Fin!" said Yorke, under his breath.

"No, no," said Leslie; "not pity, Yorke. She does not need any of that, for she is happier now lying there, than she ever was in the old days of her strength and triumph. I told her all about you, and Lucy and Ralph, and she wants me to take Lucy to see her. She and Lucy will just suit each other. And Yorke——" she paused and held out her tiny fist to him. "She has given me something; for a wedding present, she said. Guess what it is."

"I give it up," he said quietly.

She opened her hand and showed him the diamond pendant.

"'I thought you would come some day,' she said, Yorke, and if you could have seen her face when she said it! 'And so I kept it for you.'"

* * * * * *

One day Lord Auchester and his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Duncombe were staying at a country house in the North. It was an extremely pleasant party, of which these two ladies were, by general consent, admitted to be the belles, and the hostess, not unnaturally proud of having famous Lady Auchester under her roof, decided to give a big dance which should include all the neighboring county families and their guests.

Half an hour before the opening of the ball, while Leslie was dressing, the hostess, Lady Springmore, came in to her in a great flush of excitement and distress.

"Oh, my dear Lady Auchester, I am sorry," she exclaimed, when Leslie had sent her maid away. "I am heart-broken about it, and I don't know what to do."

"What is it, Lady Springmore?" asked Leslie, more amused than frightened at her hostess's fluster. "Has the floor fallen in, or the ices gone wrong?"

"No, no, my dear! It's—it's something concerning you and Lord Auchester," and she clasped her hands and sank into a chair.

"Then I'd better call my husband," said Leslie, looking towards the next dressing-room, where Yorke was brushing his hair and whistling "like a ploughboy," as Leslie often declared.

"No, no. And yet—oh, I'd better tell you at once. My dear Lady Auchester,

th
life w
flight.
Springmore
"Oh, everyon
mured that lady apo
"Just so," said Leslie ca
you are kind enough to ask
is: do nothing. The world is so small
Lady Dallas and we are sure to meet sometimes, and—well," she smiled, "do you think that we shall make a scene in your pretty ballroom? Wait!"

She opened the door of the dressing-room an inch or two, and called to Yorke.

"Hallo!" he called back. "What is it? Want me to come and admire you in your war-paint, I suppose? Shan't! Tired of admiring you!"

"Oh, hush, hush!" said Leslie, blushing like a rose. "Lady Springmore is here, Yorke. She has come to tell us that—that Lady Eleanor Dallas is coming to-night."

"The devil!"

"No, dear, Lady Eleanor," said Leslie sweetly and naively.

He came to the door and poked his head round; then he saw by her face what he was expected to say, and said it like a good and docile husband.

"Delighted to see any guest of yours, Lady Springmore!" he said, bobbing his head at her, and promptly disappeared.

An hour or two later when the ball was in full swing Leslie heard the footman announce Lady Eleanor Dallas.

She had been waiting for it, and was prepared. Lady Eleanor entered. She was thinner, and looked pale and rather listless; and the air of pride and hauteur were more pronounced than of old.

Superbly dressed, she moved through the crowd with a faint smile of greeting for her acquaintances; then suddenly she saw Leslie. She stopped for just one instant, and the blood rushed to her face; then she came towards her, and Leslie coming forward too they met each other half way, so to speak.

The few conventional words were spoken, and by that time Lady Eleanor had recovered her presence of mind, and was once more the stately, haughty patrician who suffers and is silent.

"Your husband is here, Lady Auchester?" she said quite calmly.

"I will bring him to you," said Leslie promptly.

She found Yorke and put her arm through his, pressing it to give him courage; for in cases like this the bravest man is as like as not to prove an arrant coward.

"She is here, Yorke! Now mind!"

"Oh, lord!" he groaned. Then he pulled himself together quite suddenly. "If she can go through it, I can!" he said grimly.

In another moment they were facing each other—Yorke with an unconsciously stern face, Lady Eleanor with a faint smile which masked more than pen can tell.

"How do you do, Lord Auchester?" she said, giving him her hand.

Yorke took it, and for a moment he found that it trembled; but he said afterwards that he thought it was only fancy.

Then without another word she turned and moved away.

They met—they were bound to meet—often in the after years, but it was never more than "How do you do, Lord Auchester?" "I hope you are well, Lady Eleanor?" until Leslie's first girl was born.

There had been a good deal of fuss—as the duke said, who made more fuss than anyone else—over the birth of the son and heir; but this child, the first girl, was hailed as if she were the most wonderful production the world had ever seen; and Lucy was regarded with boundless envy because she was chosen godmother.

But the day before the christening Leslie received a magnificent set of pearls enclosed in a box of white ivory, inside which was a slip of paper bearing, in Lady Eleanor's handwriting, this inscription—

"To my godchild, Leslie Eleanor Auchester."

Hu
culture is th
the whole man. Wh
nounces by its action a separate and
pendent movement there is an unhealthy condition. All our powers must be braced by exercise in the right direction and for the right purpose; if they are to be healthy. Health is maintained only through the control of each of our powers by the joint action of all the rest. A curb must be laid upon certain appetites, restraint must be laid upon our animal nature. We must check the outflow of our feelings by reason; our moral perfection must go hand in hand with the culture of our imagination; our religious aspirations must have free course to ascend above the horizon of the present, and to start their hymn of praise as they ascend, but they rise in unison with reason, and in harmony with understanding. The isolation of one portion of our nature from the rest produces immediate disease, while the dismemberment of our nature would be its death. Carlyle says of hope—

What is Hope? a smiling rainbow,
Children follow through the wet,
'Tis not here, still yonder! yonder!
Never urchin found it yet.

The object of our culture should be to form a harmonious human being, with all his faculties educated to the fullest self-government, self-possessions, repose, refinement, and activity. To secure the reward, ripening and the outward expansion of our life, the culture of thought and feeling, of imagination and sympathy, is clearly the end of human existence.

L. G. W.

THE SULTAN OF JOHORE.—A little party of Americans have paid a visit to the Sultan of Johore, and one of their number has given an account of their expedition from Singapore, which presents some picturesque details. The hospitable Sultan sent out his state barge, manned with Malays in canary-colored suits, to meet them, and at the landing pier they were received by "the Illustrious Secretary of the Sultan," whose title and name are "Dato (Lord) Abdull Rahman."

He is a Commander of the English Order of St. George and St. Michael, and is stated to speak Malay, Chinese, English, French and German with equal fluency. The Sultan, who is said to have inherited the other day from the late Sultana "a million and a half of this world's goods," appears from this narrative to be a prosperous person. The hall, approached by a marble reception room, in which the company were entertained at a banquet, is described as 150 feet in length.

Every article of the service for 70 persons and 16 courses was of gold, and one course was served on "the celebrated Ellenborough plate." At the table the Sultan remarked: "We are all temperance folk in this Mohammedan country. See, all I drink is pineapple juice."

His guests gazed about the table and found that the foreigners were the only persons who were drinking wines provided for them. It is a noteworthy fact that the subjects of this Malay Sultan, of the Sultan State, are principally Chinese. They are, it is stated, allowed to come to Johore and settle on the best pieces of land they can find unoccupied.

FRENCH gardeners have begun to bend all their energies to the creation of new flowers and the acclimatization of such as have never before been cultivated in France. Among the latter is a flower from Central America (as yet unnamed in France), which changes its color three times a day. It is white in the morning, gets pink at noon and turns a lovely blue when the sun is setting.

...—was extended eagerly
... a pair of wistful eyes
...ratitude into my own.
..."hank you enough," she
...on a few almost inaudible
...ed all the thanks she gave
...how I felt from the moment
...tered that, beside the hand-
...ad given me a place in her

...s no feeling on earth that famil-
...eople so quickly as genuine trouble.
...ay be a more sociable sentiment, but
...terly lacks the openness and unreserve
...ngendered by real grief of any kind.
Moreover, there is an undoubted instinct in human nature that detects true sympathy at a glance. Hilarity and a smiling countenance are easily put on, but it is hard work, even to the most hypocritical, to force bona fide tears to the eye.

It was not very strange then, on the evening of the day that might have been marked down in black letters in the chronicles of the Trevors as the date of a watery grave, that I found myself in a charming, flower-decked drawing room, a highly favored guest. The picture which that evening presented will never fade from the tablets of my memory; it lives there now in colors as vivid as if they had been put in but yesterday.

The big bay window opening on to a broad expanse of rippling sea—the waves looking as though they were crowned with silver under the summer starlight—the delicious gloaming casting into deep shadow the dark clad figure of my hostess—Alice Trevor, with a soul above romance, and affecting to disdain in toto all such puerilities as rippling waves and crimson-decked skies, presiding at the distant tea-board—and, leaning against the casement near, a girl so fair and sweet, with a snowy dress and a cluster of pure white roses in her bosom—a girl towards whom my gaze wandered in spite of me, and once reaching me was loth indeed to quit again.

After a while, as the shades of evening fell lower, conversation became fragmentary. It seemed easier to look than to speak. I was silent, but my eyes revealed my feelings, for I could see a lovely flickering color tinge the rounded cheeks, and a conscious light in two soft blue eyes.

Later I knew that I had been no arrogant dreamer, puffed up by foolish vanity, when I fancied even on that first evening that a little palm had trembled in my passionate clasp, and that two sweet red lips had slightly quivered as they said a low good-night. Later on I knew that Nell loved me at first sight as fervently and truly as I loved her—and that after our first meeting there was no more quiet scenes for her in which she desired to be lifted out of earth.

Earth had become unutterably pleasant—a mortal's power had changed it into the sweet Elysium that her romantic fancies had been wont to picture and to long for.

* * * * * *

Three weeks had glided swiftly by since the first glance that had sealed my life's destiny; since the first moment in which my darling had taken my heart from me by storm.

And my queen reigned autocratically over her domain, for closer bondage but riveted more firmly the rosy links of the chain in which her power and will held me.

Her true-blue eyes were my Heaven—and such a Heaven—promising in their lovely clear depths, peace and rest infinite to him who might bask in their soft light always. It was quite enough of happiness to sit by Nell's dear side day after day on the quiet beach of that little sea town, with the glorious swelling billows murmuring a loud consent to our courting; to sit there with my sweetheart's hand fast locked in mine, her red lips shyly smiling as our glances met. Nell was truth and warmth, but she was reticent too: loth to show her feelings as all girls should be—only sometimes Nature would peep out from womanly reserve in the glamor of love's hour.

"Guy!"

In all my life I had never dreamed that such music was to be found on earth, until my name, spoken by her mouth came laden with inexpressible melody; and her lips lingered over it too, as if it was pleasant sounding to her ears as well.

If it had pleased Nell to say "Guy" continuously and nothing more, I could have listened unwearyingly and with eagerness to the one word, detecting fresh harmony in the repetition and content with such delicious tautology.

"Guy" she said, lifting up a sparkling impassioned look to me, unveiling just for an instant the fervency of the soul within, "you are the guardian angel of us all. You dropped down from the skies just in time to save Jack from death and my mother from despair, and to give me life! for Guy, it is fresh life, you know, to be so very, very happy as I am now!"

I answered her by catching her in my arms and kissing her brow and cheeks and little hands, but not her lips. My love! My Nell! Even then, in these moments, she seemed too pure and sacred a thing for human passion. I scarcely dared to press an ardent caress on her mouth, I only longed to kneel to her, to breathe my worship for her in language fit for the hearing of a saint.

And in this bright dawn of love, amidst the glorious sunshine of my existence, I yet was subject to an indefinable dread. I would find myself almost unconsciously gathering Nell in my arms nearer to my heart, with a strange, a horrible presentiment that I should not hold her there for long. Oh, God! it was fearful to picture that bright child, full of health, rich in beauty, hand in hand with the awful image of death; yet again and again the vision rose up before me when her eyes shone bluest and her laugh pealed merriest.

In the zenith of her loveliness, amidst her caresses, that one terrible fancy came to madden me. I trembled each hour lest my treasure should be wrested from me, that before the flower of love should have fully bloomed, the blossom would be wrenched away from my grasp.

I idolized her blindly and devotedly; and, perhaps, one reason for the unlimited adulation of my soul was, that hitherto mine had been a lonely and loveless life. My father and mother died when I was a child, and even a recollection of their faces had faded from my mind—the old-fashioned miniatures, which were an heirloom, brought back no memories when I gazed at them; I had no near kith or kin; and above all, no woman's face had ever entered my heart. Fate had preserved my soul fresh and intact for the one creature that I wanted for my wife. Nell stood in the light of every relative to me, and I felt for her the protecting attachment of a parent, the honest affection of a brother, the reverence of a devotee for his saint—the utter, passionate love of a man for a woman who was his all in all.

She, too was fancy free till we met. She told me frankly, unreservedly, that her heart had never known another master, and I believed her—believed her because I could have staked my life on her truth and on her unerring fidelity. It was I, and I alone, whose power had stirred the soul of my Undine into being. It was I who had changed the statue, beautiful, but cold as marble, into a living, breathing, loving woman, and it was my magic touch that had called up warmth and color.

Not marvellous then that, like a second Pygmalion, I adored the exquisite work of my own hands, that I trembled with impatience to have Nell for my very own.

I was but a short-sighted, miserable mortal after all, or down on my knees, with ardent pleading on my lips, I should have prayed Heaven to stay the flight of time, to lengthen each winged moment into hours.

* * * * * *

Perhaps, in the utter fulness of bliss, I forgot to supplicate to Heaven for its continuance, or else I was not good enough to live with an angel by my side. Anyway, soon after my marriage my angel's wings began to droop and her brightness to fade. Day by day she dimmed visibly, become whiter and whiter, the true-blue eyes grew more holy, the form slighter, yet she lingered beside me, and I hoped madly against hope.

I used to look at her, lying so dreadfully white and still, and with a mist on my eyes, rebellion came into my heart. I dared to question the wisdom and justice that would snatch her away from me. Why should she be taken, when the wretched, the miscreant, the outcast, are left to linger on and on?

Urgent business called me away from home for a little while, but though miserable at leaving Nell, I felt happier and more hopeful than I had done for many a long day.

Nell had suddenly regained both color and strength marvellously, and when I bent down for my parting look into her eyes, I saw that they shone like stars, and that a pink color was on her cheek. It was our very first parting since we married, and a few tears stole into her eyes, but she dashed them away with a pretty gesture, and held up her lips to me with a smile. And those lips of hers had to cry "Peccavi" several times before they were released again. Longing to get home I hurried through my work, and accomplished it earlier than I had anticipated.

...FRASER.

ONE more kiss from my darling's lips!" Vain cry of my life, yet again and again the words pass my lips, finding their echo in my inmost soul.

* * * * * *

Lying at full length on the soft, gray sands of the lovely Sussex coast, with an old worn fishing smack serving for protection from the broad noonday glare and the broiling August sun; with tired lazy eyes that, half shut, winked and blinked as through their lashes they watched the languid and monotonous flapping of a white sail that shines silvery under the golden beams many a mile out on the deep blue sea; neither sleeping, nor dreaming, nor thinking, but simply enjoying the luxury of sheer idleness and perfect quiet to fullest bent.

Then suddenly awakened from a state of conscious coma to the sound of voices issuing from the other side of the boat that shaded me from the fiery eyes of the Sun-god, and from human sight as well.

"Nell! wake up, child. This is one of your queer days assuredly."

And the tones, which were a woman's, betokened a certain decision of character in the speaker, in spite of the kindness that pervaded the accents as they fell on the quiet around.

"Dreaming, Nell! always dreaming the hours away! What in the world can you find to dream about?"

"Alice! tell me, don't you ever feel in such a scene as this, a sort of lifting up as it were from the dull earth, as though everything around you was calm and at peace and rest, and your own soul, rid for awhile of mortal coils, was free to soar up, up, into regions as delicious, as beautiful as——"

"As yourself," laughed her companion, and her prosaic and commonplace interruption evidently dispersed to the four winds the other's romantic aspirations, for she too rang out a peal of sweet and very childlike merriment.

Her voice had a great charm for me, and with the bright laugh on my ears, laziness vanished at once, and I could resist no longer lifting up my head from its sandy pillow and taking a furtive survey of my neighbors. I felt as I looked one of them was my—fate.

Let me jot down her lineaments from memory; surely no skilful brush and palette could delineate them more faithfully.

A broad straw hat dropped over the low white brow and little oval face, that was enframed in sun-kissed hair, falling in long bright waves down to her tiny waist. Eyes of true blue, with a certain sadness in their depths, clear cut features, and a pair of fresh red smiling lips; but even as I gazed, the laughter on them was hushed and replaced by an expression of fear. She sprang hastily to her feet and rushed to the edge of the beach, crying out:

"Alice! Jack is drowning!"

With a bound I reached the water, just in time to plunge in and seize in one strong arm a little white waif, with pallid face and clinging rings of golden hair, whom the salt waves were carrying off in triumph on their broad shoulders.

Breathless and dripping like a great water spaniel, I deposited my burden safe in the girl's eager arms that closed on the recovered treasure like a vice, while the pretty blue eyes shot a thanksgiving glance upward. Then they looked at me gratefully, while the charming lips, from which all the red had completely faded, quivered piteously.

"My mother will bless you forever," she ...r it. "I am ...help. Let me ...suggested. I saw the ...support the small weight, ...nd delicate she seemed, but it ...not only out of pity for her—I felt an uncontrolable desire to pursue the acquaintance, and nothing on earth could have induced me to give up this chance of looking longer on the face that fascinated me. Meanwhile, "Alice," whom I had rightly judged to be of a sensible and practical turn, quietly vanished from the scene in order to accelerate the needful preparations for averting further mischief to the boy in his semi-drowned condition.

"Jack has an antipathy to strangers when he has his senses, even to strangers who look kind and good," Nell said apologetically; but I may venture to give him in your charge in his present state of unconsciousness."

As she bent anxiously over him for a moment, then she lifted up a very white face and a pair of terribly scared eyes, and whispered:

"He is not—dead?"

I did not wonder in the least at her question, for the little chap's features were cold and set as if death had imprinted his seal on them, and his small fingers were clenched; but I was clever enough in medical art to know that such appearances might naturally arise from the violent fright he must have received when he found himself drifting helplessly away, further and further from terra-firma, cradled on the summit of the waves, that probably seemed mountains high to the wee sprite he was.

"It is only the effects of the alarm he is suffering from; he will be all right presently," I answered in reassuring tones, and she had faith in me already, for the troubled look on her face changed into an expression of serenity, and, kissing him fondly, she put him confidingly into my arms.

Side by side, slowly and silently, we walked towards her home over the sandy shore, and as the sea now and then gave a murmur behind us she shrank a little—possibly at the recollection that that sullen sound might have been a requiem for the child she loved so well. I was not shy in the least, neither was I unsociable by nature, but now I could not for the life of me think of one appropriate sentence to break the silence. It seemed to me—though I was surely not of a romantic disposition—that a commonplace remark would be an insult to her whom my heart had suddenly deified into a being to worship.

Presently a pale apparition in sable garments took the boy from me, and, sitting down with him on the sands, sobbed great sobs that made my heart bleed and tears rise up.

"He is only frightened, mother!" he will be all right soon," my companion whispered earnestly, with her great serious eyes looking up imploringly as she fell on her knees. I stood beside them, and knew that henceforth the sight would never leave me—I knew that those tearful accounts would one day breathe the fiat of my earthly destiny—that those true, blue eyes had already become the day-stars of my life.

"There is no cause for anxiety," I ventured to say after a minute or two, hoping to stem the torrent of grief that was adding to the impromptu bath the boy had already received. "Might I advise his being placed in a warm bed at once as the quickest and surest mode of complete restoration?"

Mrs. Trevor started at the sound of my voice, and stared up at me with a bewildered air. She had evidently never so much as even noticed my proximity in her desperate alarm for the pet lamb of the flock.

"The gentleman who jumped into the water and saved Jack," murmured the kneeling figure in her ear.

A hand, very thin and very white—an aristocratic hand, with long slender fingers

Entering the house, I crept noiselessly upstairs, and paused at the half-open door of my wife's room.

Nell stood near her mirror, her pure profile only reflected, and under the strong light from the window, the too-faithful glass showed up to my awestruck gaze a face so changed, that I grew mad and dizzy as I looked.

Her hair fell in long golden masses over her shoulders. She wore a white dress, like the one I had seen her in on our first evening of our meeting, and strangely enough a cluster of white roses, like she had worn on that same evening, now nestled at her throat. Her eyes had a rapt, far off expression in them, and a mournful little smile hovered on the corners of her mouth, and she was pale so pale—with a dreadful unearthly pallor—I could not look longer! I knew in that moment—quite as surely as though the curtain of Eternity had been suddenly lifted—that an unseen hand was drawing her away to where I could never reach her. With a bound I was by her, and had caught her to me with maniacal frenzy and terror.

A cry of gladness broke from her lips and the color mantled over brow and neck and clasping my hands in hers, she lifted up her bright, dancing eyes.

The next moment she fell forward against my breast, and looking down I saw—oh God!—great crimson drops oozing slowly, sluggishly, from her pale lips—I saw Nell's life-blood staining her snow-white dress.

My brain whirled, the faintness of death came over me, and with my wife still in my arms, I fell into unconsciousness.

* * * * * * *

In the west, clad in crimson and gold, the sun descended slowly behind a fleecy cloud; the lambent air blew gently in through the open casement, and fanned Nell's pale brow. She lay for a long, long while silent, and her blue eyes—larger than ever in their deep setting of bistre shade—gazed upward at the clear sky.

A longing, powerful and uncontrolable, came over me to hear her speak, to see her smile again. For some time I had not ventured to break into her waking reverie, for as she lay with parted lips and dreamy look, I believed she was holding converse with invisible beings, between whom and me a great gulf intervened.

At last I could retrain no longer. My ears seemed aching for her low, sweet voice to come again, so almost unconsciously I repeated Alice Trevor's words.

I knew them by heart, Had they not been said in the moments in which I had first looked in my darling's face?

"Dreaming, Nell! Always dreaming the hours away. What in the world can you find to dream about?"

She turned to me with an angelic smile, and whispered faintly:

"I remember, Guy! Alice said that the day you and I met—when you saved Jack's life, and won my heart. But, Guy—darling! my dreams are sadly altered since then. My soul can no longer throw off its mortal coils, and soar up into other regions—for my heart is here, Guy—here on this earth that holds you. Oh, my love! my love! hold me fast—fast in your arms—don't let me go," she cried out, with a sudden accession of strength she threw herself off the couch into my arms.

My wife! My Nell! Her long sunny hair fell in tangled masses over her white neck, her eyes for one moment sought mine eagerly—wildly—and her little fingers laid themselves within my own passionately. Then the hands relaxed their hold—the white eyelids dropped heavily over the true-blue eyes. I stooped mechanically, and pressed the sweet mouth—to catch the parting breath, and laid my hand on her heart just to feel the last—last throb it gave.

Then I laid her gently down, for I knew the blue eyes—blue as forget-me-nots—would never, never greet my coming again, or the rose-bud lids smile up in my face.

There was no violence in my grief, but a few days later—when I buried my dead wife—I buried my dead happiness in the same grave.

* * * * * * *

Right away in a quiet suburb of the great Metropolis, away from the din and bustle of human life, a rustic cemetery lies at the end of a broad road, that is fringed on either side by ancient trees—a churchyard peaceful and pleasant, planted carefully by loving hands and tended by sorrowing hearts. The long green grass nods and waves its feathery head above each grave at the slightest breath of a summer wind, and flowers bloom and blush under the flickering light and shade of the willows that bend low, as though to kiss the still white faces lying at their feet.

In a quiet, corner
masses of moss clingi
white tablet stands su
and upon it are the wo

In hoc signo
Sacred to the memory
Aged 18.

This is where my darling
calmly all through the warm
mer hours and the sweet ev
ing—sleeps with the soft moon
ing quaint arabesques over her b
and through the dull, dark winter
sleeps under the willow, deaf to the
ing of the dreary blast, to the gay lul
of the blithesome birds, to the sound
my passionate grieving!

WALLED CITIES.

The report that quaint old Nuremberg is threatened with the destruction of her walls reminds us that, despite the enormous changes wrought in the science of war by the development of modern artillery, cities cling fondly to the ancient bulwarks which were once their main protection, just as some armies cling tenaciously to arms and cuirasses and methods of drill which have been rendered obsolete.

The walls of Rome, for instance, are standing monuments of the city's history from the earliest times to within the last half century; but owing to the extraordinary character and variety of their antiquarain objects, they hardly come in for that share of the visitor's attention which they deserve.

Yet an inspection of them with their ancient and mediæval gates, the many styles of their construction, each pointing to a particular period of their history, their size and strength, their odd little nooks and corners, and their picturesqueness, is a journey which convinces the stranger that they would form the chief attraction of any other city but Rome.

Indeed, as is not surprising. Italy is a nest of ancient walled towns, and we may note all degrees of grandeur, from the still formidable-looking zones which surround Genova La Superba, or Firenze La Bella, to the quaint little lines of fortifications which zig-zag up the vine-clad hillsides of the north cost of the Mediterranean, surrounding in many instances mere villages, but speaking eloquently to us of those hard, stirring times when the hand of every man was against his neighbor.

Fascinating are these old, useless, mouldering walls, as much on account of their contrast with the modern life within them, as of their historical associations: but equally touching are such ramparts as those which still stand, in much of their old strength, around the dead streets of Pompeii, or which still linger around decayed and depopulated towns like Ravello, above Amalfi.

With very few exceptions, the old cities of Belgium and Holland have levelled the walls which have played such grand parts in the national histories, and they are converted into promenades, after the manner of Chester and York.

The walls of Antwerp and Malines have been replaced by boulevards. The old bastions of Amsterdam still remain, but the citizens of Arnheim and Utrecht, and Hoorn and Zwolle, and Harlem and Leyden disport themselves on fine evenings upon the line of fortifications famous in the most stirring pages of what is perhaps the most stirring of European histories.

When we turn to conservative Spain we find none of this modernization. Still around Avila run the granite walls built eight hundred years ago, with their eighty-six towers and gates.

The walls of Cadiz are three miles in extent. Active, progressive Barcelona has swept away her ramparts; but Segovia retain hers, with their ninety towers; Merida has hers with their eighty-four gates; the splendid granite walls of Burgos yet remain; so do those of Cordova, Leon, Toledo and Salamanca.

The first glimpse we get of an Eastern walled city unfolds at once memories of our childhood days which have, perhaps, never been awakened since our childish books which impressed themselves so vividly upon our minds are reproduced in the bright colors of old when we are brought face to face with the quaint battlements and the dark gateways, with the accessories of bright, burning sunshine, and turbaned figures, and processions of camels, and the listless calm of the tropical land. Such old cities we see in India, still walled in the old fashion, and still peopled by the figures of the Biblical picture-book.

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architects of far more recent
works as the walls of Lachish, of
and of Nineveh have never even be
planned within historical days.

The site of many a once famous Egyptian city is only to be traced by the line of mighty earth-rampart which, when pierced by the pick and spade of the explorer, reveals masses of masonry so gigantic in their ruin, that one can hardly estimate what their size must have been when perfect.

By the side of them the fortifications of Paris, which but little more than twenty years ago withstood for long months the attacks of the most perfect military force of modern times, appear puny and insignificant, just as the greatest of modern Royal palaces sinks into nothingness when measured alongside the Pillared Hall of Seti at Karnak, or Sargon's Palace at Khorsabad.

But every year sees diminution in the importance of the walled city as a military obstacle. Nuremberg is to lose her walls, so that the modern idea of defence by separate fortresses can be carried out.

Dramatic Always.—When Marshal MacMahon was President of the French Republic, an incident occurred which illustrates the Frenchman's love of what is dramatic. A French soldier sat on the summit of a hill overlooking a garrison town; his horse was picketed close by; the man was smoking leisurely and from time to time he glanced from the esplanade to a big official envelope he held in his hand. A comrade passed by and asked: "What are you doing here?" "I am bearing the President's pardon for our friend Fischmann, who is to be shot this morning," replied the smoker, calmly, without changing his comfortable attitude. "Well, then you should hurry along with your pardon," admonished his comrade. "Ah, no!" exclaimed the other, in some indignation. "See, there is hardly a soul yet on the esplanade, and the firing platoon has not even been formed. You surely would not have me rob my appearance of all dramatic effect, my friend!"

Recreation.—Every part and power of the human body, to be kept in full efficiency, requires some measure of exercise and change. The desire for change should be satisfied as though it were a desire for food or drink. There are three things which enter mostly into recreation—uncertainty, wonder and the exercise of skill in things which are not of the ordinary daily work. Uncertainty is to be found even in the mind of a boy when tossing his penny into the air. He sees it fall, and the uncertainty as to which side will turn up is a refreshment to him, as being a thing apart from daily toil. The same with games of chance, when played without the element of gambling. Fireworks, great plots in theatres, fairy-tales, ghost-stories, sensational novels, the big letters on newspaper placards—anything, however fallacious that creates wonder in the mind of a man, refreshes him. In hunting, fishing and the felling of trees, there is an exercise of skill apart from the ordinary labor of the day. Those who have mental work to do ought to have manual labor afterwards, and those who have manual labor should find recreation and refreshment in mental occupation of some kind or other.

Without Drink.—A stony, waterless region of France has evolved a race of animals that do not drink. The sheep feeding upon the fragrant herbs have altogether lost the habit of drinking and the cows drink very little. The much-esteemed Roquefort cheese is made from the milk of the non-drinking cows.

opener,
which a custom
out being aware of the fact,
vented for the use of shopkeepers. In case of a suspicious haste to leave on the part of the customer, he can be brought up standing by a door that is locked instantaneously, whether partially or wholly closed.

Shapely Noses.—An invention for giving a new form to noses consists of a metal shell formed of two parts, which are connected by a hinge. The shape of its inside is that of a perfect nose, aquiline, Roman, or Grecian, as you prefer, and it does all its work at night. The patent states that the nose should be first well bathed in warm water, and then greased with olive oil until it is thoroughly softened.

Peat and Cloth.—From a bog to a great-coat is now rendered an easy transition by the new treatment of peat. Being a vegetable substance of a fibrous nature, when dried and cleaned from impurities it can be readily spun into a kind of yarn and then woven into cloth. This material, it appears, can be made up fully fifty per cent. cheaper than any ordinary materials of the kind.

Farm and Garden.

Pigs.—It is no use to try to grow pigs without an abundance of the right kind of food, and a knowledge of how it should be used.

Paying Land.—The next best paying land on the farm, after the orchard and the garden, is a first-class pasture, well fenced and watered with pure running water.

Butter and Cows.—Remember no butter cow pays for her keep unless she yields more than 150 pounds a year. Cows producing less than that will bankrupt their owners.

Silage.—Wherever the conditions are favorable for the rotting of silage, there it is quite possible for the si lining to rot also if the lining be of wood.

Cattle Foods.—Certain cattle foods are more valuable, pound for pound, than others, because of 1. The relative proportion of dry substance contained. 2. The digestibility of that dry substance, and 3. Its constitution.

Bran.—Chemical analysis shows more nutritive value for bran than used to be accorded it. But it has another value equally important in keeping the digestive organs in good working order when animals are fed with dry hay and straw. If made into a mash with a warm water, it is one of the best feed for cows to increase the product and value of milk.

Age of Animals.—As circumstances alter cases, so the age of any full-grown animal cannot be determined by the teeth. When all the permanent teeth appear an animal is full grown, and its age to this time is decided by this fact. But after this the teeth may be worn by sandy pasture, or discolored, or fall by disease, or be affected in various ways so as to make it impossible to certainly fix the age.

A Good Appetite is generally restored to adults and children alike by Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge. A mild tonic, an excellent anti-acid, and the best of vermifuge. Where worms are suspected, give the Vermifuge: for whether present or not, the strengthening action of the medicine is sure to do the child good. Sold by all Druggists.

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.
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To Contributors and Correspondents.

Contributors must enclose stamps for return of MSS. in case of rejection. THE POST will not be responsible for them where this condition is not complied with. Always enclose postage for correspondence, or other business matter requiring separate reply, to insure response.

☞ YOUR ATTENTION IS DIRECTED TO THE PREMIUM OFFER ON ANOTHER PAGE.

Round the Corner.

A certain obliquity of vision seems to have been entailed upon a great portion of the human race; indeed, upon all that portion which seeks by the byways and crooked paths of existence to circumvent others,—to get ahead of their fellowmen by certain short-cuts, doublings, twistings and turnings, which all true men scorn to take.

Such men, to employ a symbol, may always be said to be "round the corner," and unfortunately sometimes much money is really made by being "round the corner."

It seems curious that it should be necessary for any one of us to have written in his copybook, "Honesty is the best policy." Who does not know that beforehand? who does not feel that instinctively? It is not only the best policy, but to a true man it is the only policy. There is nothing like it in the world; nothing that can by any means touch it. Honesty only lasts.

The thief knows the value of the copybook truism as well as anybody; nay, poor weak fellow, he has trumped up a kind of factitious sham honesty in his own circle, and loudly proclaims, what by the way is every day proved to be a lie, that there is "honor among thieves." All romantic stories of highwaymen, all flighty geniuses, who represent their Paul Cliffords and their Jack Sheppards at war with society, pay this respect to honesty, that they represent their very thieves honest and honorable to their fellows; they dare not draw a rogue and villain truly as he is.

"Vice is a monster;" we all know the remainder of Pope's couplet, which is so good that its truism troubles us, "to be hated, needs but to be seen." Once see it—that is enough; if we see it three or four times, we may change our opinion.

But that eloquent devil, Belial, has, we know, a special quality of making the worse appear the better reason; and to some men he tells the flattering tale that they are very wise, and that they know better than the old fogies who stick to the straight path. When the pilgrim is going on the right, and often weary, painful way, a dozen Mr. Plausibles run up to him, and tell him that he has only to cross over that stile, or to make this short cut, and he will get at once to the end of the journey. Some of these plausibles believe it themselves, ...may come next, ...straint is generated. ...ch in the society of ...loster insensibly a ...as as to topics likely to ...ow of ungraciousness, ...manner of feeling their ...ct, so to speak, very try- ...aving to practice it. Yet, ...care taken, the failing will ...d almost always when least ..., and on occasions seemingly ...east calling for it.

...the ...meet us ...mbush. The ...command a decent ...us to thieves, rogues, ...econds, like Mr. Sampson Brass Dickens's story; the little boy at school who is too timid for an open fight, "drops," bites, kicks, and shows his cunning spite in other ways; the jealous woman who cannot surpass another in beauty, in comely fascination, or in form, descends to that lowest depth of cunning, the dirtiest place "round the corner," the anonymous letter.

In trade there is much the same dodgery practised by the weak against the strong; and by the strong is here meant those inventive active geniuses, who are really fitted for trade, and know how to carry on their businesses; for it requires a good clever man to carry on his business well. When a man is successful it proves that he knows how to observe the times and seasons, and the tastes of his customers.

Such a man is frequently inventive, and his shop or his manufactory is at once distinguished by its taste, its brightness, the finish of the articles dealt in, and many other matters pleasant enough. By these the tradesman gets trade; by his vivacity and punctuality the merchant enlarges his business. But no sooner has he done so than he finds that there is a man "round the corner," watching him. His trademark is copied, his invention is pirated, his very name is assumed.

But we are all "round the corner" in some way or another. Only let us be there as little as we can. Mere imitation is mean and paltry; a bad original is worth more than a copy, however good. Half the ingenuity, and the pains, and the shivering anxiety of the thief would, rightly directed, have made him a thriving honest man. There may be stones in the road, and it may look a long way, but the path of rectitude is a pleasant path, the pleasant path.

Autolycus filches money from the clown, and we laugh at his dexterity; but the honest heart reverences Touchstone, though he is but a fool, when he speaks direct to the purpose, is never found "round the corner," and proudly says, "'Tis a poor fancy, but mine own."

WE are right in deploring the distance that exists between our life as it is and as we know it ought to be; but we should have still greater cause for sorrow did we find our conceptions of purity, love, truth and goodness fading from our minds. Those who simply hold these ideals in an indolent and self-indulgent way will soon lose them altogether. Their continuance depends upon the use that is made of them. They are not simply to be admired and cherished, they are to be obeyed. If we do not render them this obedience they will flit from us, and leave us indeed.

THE possessor of an ungracious manner will never come up to the standard of a true gentleman or gentlewoman, although possibly well born and well-educated. The sensation of insecurity and of being on the look-out for some ill-judged speech dissipates that safe and calm atmosphere which surrounds the truly refined. There is always a ner-

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A SENSE of one's own deficiencies is a salutary thing, or the reverse, according to the use that is made of it. If it spurs to more zealous effort, if it makes us resolute in our purpose of living a worthier life than we have hitherto spent, its benefit is great; but if it arouses no more healthful frame of mind than a feeling of regret that we have accomplished so little, and an indolent and despairing conclusion that there is not much use in trying to do anything more, then it is merely an additional hindrance to a life already marred by failure.

IT is not known where he that invented the plough was born, nor where he died; yet he has effected more for the happiness of the world than the whole race of heroes and of conquerors who have drenched it with tears and manured it with blood, and whose birth, parentage, and education have been handed down to us with a precision precisely proportionate to the mischief they have done.

PAIN in this world is an undoubted reality. It visits all, and, though it bears greater anguish to some than to others, all feel its torturing touch. Pain meets a man as he enters the world, follows him through life, and leaves him not until his heart grows still in death. It attends us as a dark angel wherever we go, through all seasons of the year, and through every period of our life.

CONSCIENCE is doubtless sufficient to conduct the coldest character into the road of virtue; but enthusiasm is to conscience what honor is to duty; there is in us a superfluity of soul, which it is sweet to consecrate to the beautiful when the good has been accomplished.

THE sun is a hundred million miles away, and the water-roses that open to the light of day are in the pool; the moon, friend of the night-blooming lotus, is two hundred thousand miles distant. Friendship knows no separation that divides it in space.

THE mind of the thinker and the student is driven to admit, though it be awestruck by apparent injustice, that this inequality is the work of God. Make all men equal to-day, and God has so created them that they shall all be unequal to-morrow.

WHEN gratitude o'erflows the swelling heart, and breathes in free an uncorrupted praise for benefits received, propitious Heaven takes such acknowledgement as fragrant incense, and doubles all its blessings.

WE have all our playthings. Happy are they who are contented with those they can obtain; those hours are spent in the wisest manner that can easiest shade the ills of life, and are the least productive of ill consequences.

HE that will put eternity and the world before him, and who will dare to look steadfastly at both of them, will find that the more often he contemplates them, the former will grow greater, and the latter less.

FAITH and persistency are life's architects; while doubt and despair bury everything under the ruins of endeavor.

Don't live an aimless life.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

E. H.—See answer to L. A.

ELAINE.—The origin of aprons as a part of a lady's dress is obscure; they have been worn from the time of the ancient Greeks and Romans. Mary Queen of Scots had over one hundred aprons of all sorts.

R. F.—We don't know of anything better for a big foot than a big shoe. We are afraid, however, you do not care very much for the girl, or you would not have noticed her big foot. Love, you know, is blind.

K. L.—The presents suitable to a wooden wedding are very numerous, and may range from a wooden paper-knife or some trifling article for kitchen use, up to a complete set of parlor or chamber furniture.

L. N.—To make Florida water, dissolve in half a gallon of 90 per cent. alcohol one ounce each of oil of lavender, oil of bergamot, and oil of lemon, and one drachm each of oil of cloves and cinnamon. Then add one gallon of water, and filter.

M. L. R.—To make a good quality of cologne take one gallon of 90 per cent. alcohol, and add to it one ounce each of oil of bergamot and oil of orange, two drachms of oil of cedrat, one drachm each of oil of neroli and oil of rosemary. Mix well, and it is fit for use.

L. A.—To give you a complete list of premiums on coins would fill a couple of pages of THE POST. So it is simply impossible to do so. Send a postal addressed to yourself and we will give you the address of a firm dealing in old coins to whom you may direct your inquiries.

BELLE.—Sham jewelry is in the worst possible taste. If you have nothing good of your own to wear, go without. You do not want to look like a stage heroine, all glittering with gems. Wear as few ornaments as possible; they are not necessary for young girls.

C. B.—We cannot inform you as to where a "divining-rod" can be procured. There is no dependence to be placed in such an article, notwithstanding the fact that many persons believe most implicitly in its so-called power of indicating the presence of gold, silver, or water.

F. W.—Your children and your cousin's children are second cousins. Your cousin's children and you are first cousins once removed. The relationships of second cousins and first cousins once removed are often held to be the same, but the question you ask should show any intelligent person that there is a difference.

A. B.—The reference is to a pretty legend to account for flowers coming before the leaves on the almond tree. A deserted wife, abandoning all hope, pined away and died, and was turned into an almond tree. Her husband, returning too late, offered a sacrifice to appease her reproachful spirit, and in answer to his appeal for forgiveness the tree, not yet in leaf, put forth its blossoms to comfort him.

IGNEUS.—St. Monica was the wife of Patricius, a magistrate of Tagaste, in Numidia, and the mother of the greatest of the Latin fathers, Augustine. It was of her that Neander wrote, "Whatever treasures of virtue and worth the life of faith, even of a soul not trained by scientific culture, can bestow was set before Augustine in the example of his pious mother."

JEROME.—Our space will not permit us to enter into the subject of hypnotism in our correspondence columns. Medical opinion is divided as to its uses. The public practice of it is very amusing no doubt; but we doubt its advisability very much. The same persons are operated on over and over again, and the effect on their nerves is anything but good. The power is a dangerous one, and we should advise you to have nothing to do with it.

C. L. B.—It is very difficult for a girl to keep simply as a friend one of the other sex whom she could not accept as a lover. If you have a sincere regard for the young man, it is your duty to him to see less of him, even though that course may cost you the pleasure which his society and friendship affords you. We can give you no recipe to keep a young man in the relation to you of a devoted friend, who will supply all the attentions of a lover, and ask nothing in return.

E. L. D.—When a shell, bone, or piece of plant, by being enclosed in rocky matters, becomes hard and heavy like stone, yet retains its shape, it is said to be petrified. Petrifaction is thus caused by the particles of stony matter entering into and filling the pores of the animal or vegetable structure; lime-water, for instance, entering into the pores and between the fibres of a piece of wood, makes it a limy petrifaction. The word is derived from the Latin "petra," a stone, and "facere," to make.

TALLAHASSEE.—1. According to the law of entail if an eldest son dies, his eldest son—if he has one—inherits the estates. If the eldest son dying, leaves no heir, then the brother next in order of birth inherits, his eldest son being heir after him, and so on to the other branches. 2. The Prince of Wales' eldest living son is heir to the throne of England. The Duke of Clarence, the Prince's eldest son having died unmarried, Prince George, his brother and the second son of the Prince becomes the next in succession. 3. Prince Albert, Consort, was the husband of Queen Victoria. By the law of England he was simply the consort or husband of the Queen without the right to take any active part in the legislation of or execution of the laws. He died about the time of the opening of our Civil War.

TEARLESS GRIEF.

BY ETHEL IRELAND.

At last it is the peaceful night, and I,
Weary and frotted with the noisy fray
Of Life's incessant turmoil, can allay
My spirit's thirst for peace. The moonlit sky
And shadow-circled Earth are still. No cry
Of passion-burdened hearts disturbs the gray
Impressive calm; and though the late gone day
Left me a Life's regret, my eyes are dry.

For tears are nought but Summer's healthful rain,
That, falling from storm-clouds, leaves far above
A clearer blue. I bear a deeper pain
Than can find ease in weeping so, dear love,
Forgive my tearless grief. Perhaps you guess
My heart's unmitigated bitterness.

A Western Mystery.

BY M. B. C.

WE HEAR so much nowadays of Spiritualism and Psychical Research, that I think the following account of my short sojourn in a "haunted" house may possibly interest some of my readers.

In the winter of 18—my husband sold his ranch in Colorado, and, as we wished to remain in the neighborhood of our old home, we began to look about for a house to suit us.

Our ranch was situated on the eastern slope of the Rockies, not far from the once successful mining camp of Copperville, and it was to this now deserted town we went house-hunting.

There was no lack of dwellings to choose from; we inspected an endless number of frame-houses, but all proved unsuitable. At last we were directed to one that seemed from the description most desirable, and, having obtained the key, went on to look at it.

The house was large, built of timber, standing by itself on the prairie, about a quarter of a mile from Copperville, and enclosed in a good-sized yard by a strong fence. Its appearance was decidedly prepossessing, and the interior did not disappoint us. There was no hall; the front door opened direct into a sitting-room, which was divided from another of the same size by folding doors. Two bedrooms opened right and left off each of these rooms, and the kitchen was quite at the back.

On opening a door in the kitchen, we were surprised to find ourselves on the top step of a ladder, which led down into a cellar, and this was the only part of the house that did not quite meet with our approval.

As I peered into the dismal, eerie-looking vault below me, I inwardly confessed I would rather not investigate it more than was necessary.

On the whole I was delighted with the house, and most anxious for Philip to take it at once.

"I think we are most lucky to get the chance of such a charming place!" I exclaimed enthusiastically. "I can't imagine how it came to be vacant so long, unless the rent is exorbitant."

"The rent's low enough," answered Philip, "only ten dollars a month. I suppose I'd better tell you the reason the house won't let, and that is, the people round here maintain it's haunted! However, it seems no one has seen anything appalling, so I thought you wouldn't be afraid to try it."

"I don't know if we should be doing a very wise thing in coming here," I returned dubiously, "but it's almost impossible to believe in ghost in a place like this. Look at the windows! What floods of light they let in, and you can see into every corner. It is tempting, I own, and the low rent, combined with the absence of neighbors, is a strong incentive."

"Well! please yourself," said Philip, "I leave it to you, only saying for my part that I would not hesitate one moment about it."

Finally I decided to take it, and we stopped at the agent's house on our way home. I was amused at his remarks when everything was settled.

"Wal!" he said, "now ye hev tuk it I can talk. I'll jest tell ye right now, it's haunted!"

His surprise was great when Philip told him we already knew the fact.

"Is that so?" he went on. "I wouldn't live in sich a place nohow, but I guess ye Britishers ain't so particular."

"Perhaps not," return Philip. "I believe those ghosts, if there are any, are about as substantial as you and I are, and, if so, I daresay I'll find my 'Smith & Wesson's" of some service later on."

"Maybe so," drawled t
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have at my disposal when we made t
change from our small ranch house.

I had a strong girl to help me, and she and I had hard work for the next few days, packing all our goods and chattels for the removal to the new home.

At last the final wagon load was dispatched, and we followed it to Copperville. With roaring fires in the stoves the house seemed most comfortable, and, after supper, when the two children were in bed, Philip and I sat in the back sitting-room talking and congratulating ourselves on the change we had made. It was not long before we were reminded of the bad reputation the house bore. In the middle of our conversation the kitchen door was opened abruptly, and Bessie walked in.

With true western audacity she sat down on a chair close to the stove remarking:

"If ye folks think I'm agoin' to stay in that ere kitchen alone, as I did at the ranch, ye're jest way off it. I feel kind o' lonesome in this big lump of a house anyhow, and I guess I'll keep along o' ye."

"I believe ye're afraid of 'spooks'; aren't you?" asked Philip.

"I dunno," she returned; "but it's so empty, an' ye've no neighbors nigh. I almost wish I hadn't come."

"Nonsense!" I said; "you're only tired after all the hard work to-day, and when you've had a good night's rest you'll feel quite different."

We sat there until it was time to go to bed, and I let Bessie sleep in the children's room, thinking she might feel nervous by herself.

I slept soundly and rose the next morning in good spirits, which were immediately damped on entering the kitchen, as I saw from Bessie's expression that something was wrong.

"You don't look well, Bessie," I began. "Did you sleep badly?"

"I'm agoin' home to-day," she answered shortly, "I ain't agoin' to stop here another night—not even to please you."

"But I really can't spare you," I urged. "What's the matter? You mustn't get frightened and run off like this; there's so much work to be done yet."

"I know it, an' I'm put out mightily about it," she returned, "but it's no use; I durstn't bide here any more."

"What's frightened you, Bessie?" asked Philip, who came in at that moment. "Did you see an apparition? What was it like? A man with his head under his arm, or a blue-faced spook?"

"It's nothin' to laugh at," she answered crossly. "I saw nobody, but I heered a wee baby a-cryin' that pitiful all night I couldn't sleep a wink. It war jest as if it war a-smotherin' under the bed-clothes, an' I got that skeered I kep a-jumpin' up to look at the children, but it warn't them."

Philip did his utmost to help me dissuade the girl from leaving, when he saw she was so serious over it.

He offered various suggestions as to the cause of the disturbance. Prairie dogs, a chink in the window, or a mouse in the wall, but all to no purpose; she was firm in her decision to leave.

"I've bin told as that baby is often heered," she concluded, "an' I doubted it, but it's gospel truth, an' I quit."

She left that afternoon, and only those who have experienced the same trouble in procuring servants out west, as I have, can understand what a loss I sustained in her. At last I got everything straight and in order.

A few days after we had taken possession, Philip was obliged to go back to our old ranch, and found it would be impossible to return for the night.

He asked me if I should be nervous at being left by myself with the children.

I assured him I did not feel in the least alarmed, and saw him drive off with a light heart.

With plenty of work to do I found the time to fly, and with the children's voices ringing in the house, I felt quite cheerful and happy. It was only after the little ones were asleep that it struck me how empty the house seemed, and I began to

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Filled with alarm, I sat motionl
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noises culminated in one heavy thud; then all was still!

I would have given worlds to know what was really going on, but feeling too shaky to venture down the rickety ladder I decided to retire to bed.

Once in the room with the children, my confidence returned.

I was soon asleep, but in an hour or two I awoke with a start, feeling sure I heard footsteps in the house.

A sensation of horror came over me as I could distinguish them advancing, slowly and surely, in the direction of my room, from the dining-room!

If it was a house-breaker, there was no attempt to conceal his movements.

The door was ajar, and my heart stood still with fear as I listened to the approaching footsteps, but they passed by and seemed to enter the bedroom opposite.

I lit the candle, got up, went to the door and looked out. I could see nothing, and the door of the opposite bedroom was shut.

I had not heard it close, and faint with fear I returned to bed to spend the rest of the night sleepless and anxious.

Next day Philip came home, and as I related my experience, I could see by his expression that he was longing to come face to face with my nocturnal visitor. After supper, I sat down to write letters, while my husband read a newspaper.

Presently the sounds of the night before again issued from the cellar. Strengthened by Philip's presence, I ignored them at first and went on writing, but they gradually waxed louder until at last I looked up and saw Philip had put down his paper and was listening.

"That's the noise I heard last night," I remarked, feeling relieved to think there was a man to investigate the matter.

Philip rose abruptly, saying, "I'll take a light and have a look round those lower regions."

I came with him to the kitchen, and as I unfastened the cellar door the climax seemed to have arrived, and the noise ended with the same dull thud as on the evening before.

With a candle and a revolver, Philip made his way down the ladder, and I watched him from the top as he went to every hole and corner of the dark place. He could discover nothing, and returned baffled.

"It's very odd," he said. "I can't think what it can be; there isn't a sign of rats or any animals down there."

"I don't think it's rats," I replied, "for we had plenty of them at the ranch, and though they made row enough, it wasn't like that."

"No, you're right," returned Philip; "in fact, this sounds just like two people fighting, doesn't it?"

I nodded assent; it wasn't a pleasant idea. I had told Philip for the future I would not undertake to stay another night in the house alone, as the strain on my nerves was too great.

For a few nights we had peace, but then once more I awoke to hear the footsteps wandering about the house. I hastily shook Philip, who grumbled at being roused.

"Listen!" I whispered. "The footsteps! Quick!"

Sure enough he heard them, for springing out of bed, he got into his clothes, and muttering, "I'll get 'em this time," he seized his loaded revolver and sallied forth on his search. I did not feel so alarmed with Philip near. He was so calm and cool, and the very man to have in such a house. I waited quietly while he hunted every room in vain.

walk.
and the sun w
down. On my return
see a Copperville man, I know by sight, standing on the road staring fixedly at our bedroom window.

On my approach he suddenly addressed me with: "Wal, do say! Jest look at that ere winder an' remark how it's comed agin as it war three years ago!"

Utterly at a loss for his meaning, I asked stiffly:

"What's come? I don't understand you in the least."

"You don't catch on yit," he answered excitedly. "It's that pictur on the winder glass; they can't git rid of it nohow. It allus comes arter the house is let."

I followed his gaze and started violently, for a peculiar light brought out in the glass the outline of a skeleton standing upright, the figure of a little child kneeling at his feet with uplifted hand as if begging for mercy, and in the corner of the pane a red-colored hand.

"How horrible!" I exclaimed with a shudder. "I see it distinctly. How extraordinary I never noticed it before."

"It comes all of a sudden like that," said the man solemnly, "an' ye'll never git it orf, Marm. To my knowledge that winder has bin tuk out an' broken up twice in the last ten years, but the same pictur comes agin."

"It must be some trick," I declared angrily, "I'll see if it can't be removed."

Philip soon joined us, and, having inspected this new feature of the mystery, announced his intention of fathoming the trickery which he also was convinced it must be. We tried every possible way to efface the unpleasant image from the window but with no success; in fact, day after day it seemed to become more distinct.

We found it exceedingly annoying for, as the news spread, people came, even from long distances, to stare at the strange sight. In desperation we sent for the agent.

"What's to be done?" demanded Philip, "we can't have these crowds swarming round the house every day to look at that piece of glass. It's most exasperating."

"I expect we'd better do wot we did last time," said the man slowly.

"Well, what was it?" asked Philip impatiently.

"Broke it up in bits an' buried it!" he returned with awe in his voice.

"All right! take the pane out and do what you like with it; only stop these fools gaping round here."

The window was promptly taken from its place, and having been smashed into pieces, was forthwith buried.

By this time I was getting decidedly unnerved, and was delighted to receive a letter from a friend who had promised to come and stay with us. She now offered to pay us a visit and I gladly agreed to her proposal.

The Sunday after her arrival, she was helping me to get our tea ready, when all at once we heard the wailing cry of a child in distress. It was very pitiful, and thinking it was some little one strayed from the town, I hurried to the front door and looked out. My friend followed me, and as we stood gazing about, she remarked:

"How muffled it sounds, and it seems to me as if it came out of one of those bedrooms. I'll go and look."

"It's no use," I answered wearily, as the truth dawned on me, "it must be the child's cry that everyone hears, and there's no explanation of it.

Luckily she was very fearless, and received my account so quietly of the disturbance that had occurred, that she re-

and

nat round
to him. Know-
years in the valley,
know anything about
house we had vacated.

" said the old fellow, "I'm one o' the old timers in this valley, an' know every cabin an' house that's bin built. It's my opinion, if spooks appear after bad deeds hef tuk place that your house must be over stocked with 'em."

I was wild with curiosity, and exclaimed, "if you know anything of its past history, I wish you'd tell us. It might give us some clue to the extraordinary noises we heard."

"Maybe I can," he said slowly. "It's eighteen years ago sin Edwards fust struck the horn-silver as made Copperville boom, an' I was one o' the fust as rushed to the valley. Ye never seed sich a wild place; 'twar only fit fur Injuns an' coyotes, but I guess we made things hum up different. That house ye've quit war the fust buildin' to go up; 'twar a kind o' boardin' house an' gamblin' hell. Them war high old days! I've seed the boys, when they'd struck it rich, a-pitchin' dollars right an' left in the street, an' gamblin' night an' day in that very house. Many an' many a fightin' has tuk place thar, an' I remember one time, two men were fightin' over a minin' claim until the boys got tired o' hearin' 'em squabble, so one night they got 'em mad an' then shut 'em into the big cellar, armed with bowie knive, to finish it out, and Gee Whiz! they did it. I came to the house in the midst of it, an' it nigh lifted my hair to hear the row a-goin' on below.

"They fought like demons, an' as we listened I knowed it meant death to one on 'em. 'Boys,' sez I, 'let's make 'em quit this foolin', it's gettin' desperate.' Jest then there comed a thumpin' noise, an' we made a rush for the cellar door. I hurried down the ladder with the rest o' the outfit, an' as I reached the bottom I heered a kind o' rattle, which tole me plain as we war too late. They war dead as door-nails! They'd hacked each other nearly to pieces, an' died with their hands clutchin' each other's throats! 'Twar the orfullest sight I ever seed out west, an' I ain't no tenderfoot. I reckon the boy war shamed at havin' urged 'em on, fur they helped to bury 'em very quiet-like on the prairie close by. Folks do say that when anyone takes that house they hear 'em fightin' agin. Did ye hear 'em?" he concluded.

"We certainly heard inexplicable sounds from the cellar uncommonly like what you have just described," I answered, "and also the melancholy wail of a child. Have you heard of any tragedy connected with that?"

"No," returned the miner, "I left here fur a few years, an' never heered nothin' o' this place, but I guess that winder pictur, that ye must hev seen, has summat to do with the child's cryin', an' I'd bet my bottom dollar thar's bin some devilment at work to cause it. Maybe a wee baby murdered in them walls an' buried in the yard?" Who knows? That durned place earned a bad name an' ain't a-goin' to lose it seemingly. Take my advice an' don't go foolin' in a harnted house agin. It don't pay, honest Injun, it don't!"

I agreed with the old miner, for my health and spirits had suffered severely during our residence at Copperville, and even Philip owned it had not proved a successful venture.

I never saw the house again, and we afterwards left the neighborhood. I hear, however, it is still unlet and likely to remain so.

I have given the facts, and I can offer no solution of the mystery beyond the old miner's explanation!

He who comes up to his own idea of greatness, must always have had a very low standard of it in his own mind.

other's faces.

Even Philip, always so ready with explanations, had none to offer now, and as for my friend and myself, we nearly collapsed with fear, and it was not without a strong mental effort that we summoned up enough courage to go to bed. The remainder of that night passed undisturbed, and the next day my friend returned home.

Before going, she begged us to leave the place, saying:

"I'm not nervous by nature, but I feel a horror over me all the time I'm here, as if something terrible was going to happen. I can't get rid of the feeling, and I urge you to give notice. There's something uncanny in the whole place, and I can't bear to think of your staying on."

Philip seemed impressed by her manner, and, as I was decidedly of her opinion he promised to look out for another home for us. After this, things got worse; the children often woke up in the night crying and saying they were frightened, until I could stand it no longer, and at last persuaded Philip to go and give notice.

Finding it impossible to get another house to suit us, he proposed we should camp in the mountains for a couple of months.

I gladly agreed to his proposal, being ready to go anywhere out of such a hateful house, so we began our preparations for another move.

My father came on a visit from England a day or two before we left, and as we were quitting the place so soon, I thought it better not to tell him of our unpleasant experiences. I had engaged a girl to cook for us in the camp, and with the greatest difficulty had induced her to come for one night to the house.

We were in a great upset turning out the next day, and Philip having our furniture in the town, had driven off to the camp to pitch the tents, dig trenches, and make ready for our arrival.

We went early to bed and were soon asleep, but about midnight I was awakened by a great commotion. In a few seconds my new girl burst into the room in a state of mind bordering on hysterics.

"I'm skeered to fits," she sobbed out. "I never heered sich a row. Thar's men a-fightin' in the cellar I can swear; I could hear 'em a-goin' on dreffal."

I quieted her as well as I could, but she was perfectly terrified. She declared she heard something drop heavily from the trap-door in the ceiling of her room, and then footsteps moving across the floor.

"It war bright moonlight," she went on, "an' yit I could see nothin', but when I heered it a-makin' right fur me, I couldn't stand it no longer."

It was no use trying to persuade her to go back.

"Not I," she said. "I ain't a-goin' back thar agin to-night; I guess I'll sleep on the floor in here an' jest roll mysel' in a rug." She suited the action to the word, and wrapping herself in a travelling rug, lay on the hard floor and slept comfortably till morning.

In the course of conversation at breakfast, my father asked "What was all the noise about last night? I thought I heard a child crying a great deal."

"It was Mary disturbed you," I answered. "She was alarmed at something she heard and came to my room."

"Well! I'm sure I don't wonder at it," returned my father, "if it was what woke me. At first I thought I heard something

...n Away.

R. NESBIT.

...unfortunate for this young ...hey were as suddenly and ...arated. They married with ...onsent of their relatives on ...and Robert Upton's friends had made a prudent choice, for ... lady was cheerful, of agreeable ...ce, and had been well and care- ...eared by an excellent mother; ...e Fanny's parents rejoiced to give ...air child to a man whose prospects were good, and who had won their esteem, as well as their daughter's affections.

Mr. and Mrs. Upton spent a delightful month in North Devon, but perhaps enjoyed quite as much the novel excitement of taking possession of a charming little house in Clapham Park. Here they were preparing to receive a few intimate friends at a snug little dinner-party, when an event occurred that made Robert look troubled, and drowned his bride in tears.

His uncle, to whom he owed the good position in a city firm of auctioneers he was then holding, had left England directly after the wedding, to arrange the sale of some mines in far away California.

He was daily expected home, and Mrs. Upton intended to insist on a long visit from her husband's kinsman, when a telegram arrived to the effect that Mr. Upton, senior, had been seized with a dangerous illness, and entreated his nephew to hasten to him.

For Robert to say, in such a case as this, "I have married a wife, and cannot come," was impossible. Gratitude forbade it. The many favors of past years—years of the most generous kindness to a fatherless boy—forbade it. Even Fanny admitted this between her sobs.

Robert must go, and directly. So she dried her eyes and packed his portmanteau, while he made the necessary arrangements for an absence which would, he hoped, be of the briefest.

And as he fondly kissed his young wife, he predicted that, in a few weeks at farthest, they should be re-united, and earnestly commending her to the care of her mother—his own was residing with a relative in Scotland—then hurried on board an Atlantic steamer, and was soon lost to sight.

He found his uncle alive, but in an alarming state of prostration.

Many days elapsed before it was considered safe to remove him from the miner's hut in which he lay, to more comfortable quarters.

A low fever had seized upon him, and, to bodily illness, was added much mental discomfort. The sagacious business man confided to his equally shrewd nephew, that he had grave reasons to fear he was being over-reached by a crafty rascal, who had contrived to possess himself of the title deeds of part of the property entrusted to Mr. Upton for sale. Unless these could be recovered there would be endless disputing, and other difficulties to contend with, too numerous to enter upon here as fully as the sufferer, groaning with pain, and restless with fever, persisted in doing to the sympathising Robert.

The latter proved himself equal to the emergency. With unflagging energy he defied the scoundrel; detected and baffled his manœuvres; fought him in court after court; tramped miles and miles to survey disputed boundaries, or interview reluctant witnesses; and during the intervals nursed his uncle, who remained in the same unsatisfactory condition.

And in this manner weeks, nay months, drifted by, and Fanny's letters were her husband's only consolation.

It was early autumn when he left her, and as winter set in, and he was obliged to acknowledge that he saw no hope of returning before Christmas, the poor little wife grew desperate, and proposed joining him in California.

But despite his yearning to behold her, he felt compelled to peremptorily forbid this. How could she travel alone, and in the most inclement weather, to a dreary, mountainous region, far from railways and all other signs of civilisation? She would have been horrified could she have seen the rude shanty dignified by the name of a hotel, or its frequenters, the rough men who swore, and drank, and but too frequently gambled away the gold they had been risking their lives to procure.

It was not till the anniversary of his wedding day that Robert Upton once more set foot in England. The dreary months of separation had come to an end at last, and he was in the highest spirits, for he had gained a victory for his uncle that put a large sum into the pockets of both, and gave the long-needed impetus to Mr. Upton's health and spirits.

As soon as his rapidly returning vigor permitted, that gentleman set his nephew free, and promised to follow him after he had arranged a few affairs that were still unsettled.

Robert Upton therefore made the voyage alone, but what signified that? The weather was favorable and at Gravesend Fanny was waiting for him!

She looked a little thinner and paler than when he left her, proofs, as he told her tenderly, that she had felt their long parting as keenly as himself.

Her eyes were moist as she answered in the affirmative, adding, in gayer tones:

"But still I have never been really unhappy, for you have been an excellent correspondent. I had your dear letters to read over and over again. I knew you would come to me as soon as you could, and I have been hoarding up a delicious secret for you."

"A secret?"

She nodded, and laughed.

"Ah! it has been on the point of my pen a hundred times. I have felt as if I must write it, but refrained that I might not lose the pleasure of telling it."

"I have guessed the mystery already," Robert answered. "You have prevailed with my mother to come and live with us. How glad I am. Dear old soul, I was longing to see her.

But Fanny shook her head, and told him he was mistaken.

"She came and stayed with me as long as I was weak and nervous, but when I regained my strength she thought it only right to return to the sick friend who is still more dependent on her than I, who have my own mother so near me."

"Then you have been ill, and I did not know it! My poor little Fanny! It makes me shudder to think what a coming home mine have been. Never more will we be parted, dearest."

"But you have yet to learn my secret," she was saying, when they reached the door of their own dwelling. "Come this way, sir, and tread softly for we have a visitor in the house to whom I am impatient to introduce you. Behold!"

She had hurriedly preceded him into the drawing-room, where the centre table and piano were pushed into corners to make way for a tasteful erection of cane-work, muslin, lace and ribbon. And, nestled in this, lay the first born of the exultant mother.

Disturbed by their entrance, the infant began to pucker his small, red face into awful contortions, and emit, at the same time, a series of fretful yells, to silence which Mrs. Upton raised him in her arms, and gently waved him up and down in front of his father.

"Haven't we kept our secret well?" she demanded, archly. "You see a woman can keep one after all; and I deserve some credit for it, for mamma very truly said, it would have worried you dreadfully, if you knew how badly I wanted the comfort of your presence. Aren't you as surprised as delighted?"

"Immensely surprised," Robert answered; "but delighted? Why no, I don't think I am."

"Is it possible?" cried Fanny, her smiles vanishing. "And I fancied you were fond of children."

"And so I am; at least I think I am, when they are old enough to be amusing," she was assured.

"Foolish parent! you must give your offspring time to develope. He knows me already, Robert! Think of that, and only six weeks old! And his weight is astonishing. You must take him in your arms, papa, to realise it."

But papa immediately retreated.

"Thanks, I should not like to venture yet."

"Ah! you cannot be too cautious," Mrs. Upton concluded. "He is a lovely boy, Robert. Is he? Why, what do you mean? Nurse and mamma, and everyone else says the same. Kiss his tiny hand, and admire that, if you refuse to see any beauty in his features."

"I had rather kiss you, my dearest; and do you know I am starving? Aren't you going to send your new plaything away, and give me some lunch?"

"Of course," she replied more coldly, as she rang the bell. "But you have disappointed me. I thought you would have been more than pleased to see our child."

"Pleased? Yes, of course, I am; at least I shall be, when I am reconciled to an interloper."

"Reconciled! An interloper! You talk strangely."

Upon forgive me for it, my dear little wife, and attribute it to the true causes; not any coldness of heart, but fatigue, hunger, and some difficulty in recognising the new character you have assumed in my absence. I expected to find you all my own, just as when I left you, and cannot bow my neck all at once to the yoke of a new king as readily as you seem to be doing."

He spoke lightly, though expressing his true feelings. As yet, he saw nothing interesting in the tiny lump of crimson flesh, that squalled persistently.

It was his first experience of the topsy-turvydom that succeeds the advent of a new baby, and though prepared to make the best of the changed state of affairs, he could not truthfully say that he liked it.

Fanny was hurt, as well as displeased. She had felt so sure of finding a fellow-worshipper in baby's father, that his protest gave her a rude shock.

With many injunctions, she resigned the infant to his nurse, and tried to devote herself to her husband, who had much to tell her that was of great interest to both of them.

But she could not resist interrupting him in the midst of his narrations, whenever she thought she heard baby, and rushing to the nursery two or three times, quite certain that he was crying; till during the last of her hurried flights, Robert took his hat, and strolled away to find more attentive listeners in her relatives.

For a couple of days business occupied the greater portion of his time; but, early in the afternoon of the third, he came home much excited.

"Good news, Fanny, darling! Good news! Our managers have been complimenting me on the way I have worked over yonder; and as they say, truly, my trip to California was not a pleasure one—far from it—they offer me a fortnight's holiday. Glorious, isn't it? I am to start at once, as they cannot spare me an hour beyond the time fixed: so pack your boxes and bags, and off we go to Scotland to-morrow morning, to my mother. I have telegraphed to her to expect us."

"Oh! but, Robert, it is impossible!" exclaimed his wife.

"Indeed, it is not. They have behaved handsomely, and tipped me fifty towards my expenses, and as you have often said you wanted to see the Highlands, there will we go.

"But the time is so short!"

"For what? A ready-made ulster and travelling-cap? Give me your measure, and I'll buy them while you do the rest."

"And the journey is too long for so young a baby as ours," Mrs. Upton went on.

"Certainly," her husband assented, "you did not imagine I dreamed of taking Signor Squalini, did you? It will do you good to get out of the sound of his roaring."

"Robert?" said baby's mamma, passionately. "I will not leave my little one. I refuse to be torn from my child. I am not unnatural and heartless, if you are, sir."

Mr. Upton color began to rise.

"Don't talk nonsense, Fanny. The child will be under the watchful eye of your mother, while we visit mine. For a couple of weeks—no more—you will be away from him, at a time that he is too young to miss you. Be reasonable, my dear. You know I should not care to go without you, even if I did not perceive that you really require the change."

"It is not unreasonable to refuse to leave this precious infant. But you have never testified any interest in him. Perhaps you do not feel much in his mother now. Indeed, you cannot, or you would hesitate to wound me by such a monstrous proposal."

On hearing this, Robert became thoroughly angry, and accused her, in his turn, of having grown selfish and indifferent to his comforts; finishing with an assertion that he should be driven out eventually, as many another poor married man had been, because his wife was infatuated with her new doll.

"You shall never have to say that," was the equally vehement response. "It is I who will go away; back to my home, where I am sure of a refuge! Stay here to be taunted, sneered at, my affection for our child resented as if it were a crime, I will not! You have returned from America a changed man, and I never—never wish to see you any more!"

"You shall not take the child!" he said, fiercely.

"Then I will go without him!"

She ran out of the room, and the front door closing noisily just after, her husband doubted not that she had fulfilled her threat. The sou
tion cause of all
Robert, with his hand
his ears to shut out s
wails, was distracted!
when one of his turns b
face with an extremely
widow, who had, prior
made strenuous efforts to
but only succeeded in disgu

What could have brought
here just now?

"Your first-born, Mr. Up
queried, with a languishing loo
may I? May I?"

Without waiting for permission,
took the baby out of his cot, and contriv
to hush him to sleep, murmuring pathet
cally the while:

"Sweet treasure, your happy mother
will not grudge me the joy of holding you
in these arms for once when she knows I
am here to say a long adieu. Yes, Mr.
Upton, England has become so distasteful
to me now, that I have arranged to accom-
pany some friends to Canada, where I
shall fix myself for the few remaining
years of a blighted life!"

Robert Upton, embarrassed by her sighs
and eloquent glances, remained silent, and
the lady wiped, or appeared to wipe away
a tear.

"Mine will be a lonely existence," she
added. "If this dear one were but my
child, or if you would promise that, when
other children come to share your affection
you will let me adopt this precious boy,
whose features already resemble yours,
how grateful I should be!"

"You may have him!" cried Robert,
recklessly. "His mother has forsaken
him, and I am going back to California by
the first steamer that leaves England."

"You are in earnest?" demanded Mrs.
Plumpte. "Then I take you at your word.
The child is mine, my little adopted, my
heir; and his unnatural mother shall never
see him more!"

Like a flash she was gone, with Fanny's
baby under her capacious mantle, leaving
Robert Upton lying on the sofa, whither
he had thrown himself, his face buried in
the pillows. Yes, California was now his
only haven; the wedded happiness on
which he had so fondly depended was
wrecked. Too proud to beseech his wife
to return to him—smarting too keenly
under the sting of her reproaches to wish
to see her again, he was eager to escape be-
fore her relatives, with well meant expos-
tulations, could make attempts to patch
up their quarrel.

Sick and miserable, but bent on immedi-
ate departure, he tried to raise himself,
and a pair of loving arms were clasped
about his neck.

"Forgive me, dear, dearest husband,"
sobbed his wife; "it is I who have been in
the wrong—I acknowledge it. My parents
warned me that I must not let my mother-
love make me neglect you, and I will not
again. Only let me hear you say that you
forgive me."

"I thought you had left me for ever!"
he stammered.

"Did I say I would? Forget the shock-
ing things I uttered when I was angry,"
she pleaded. "I ran away, but to shut
myself in my room and cry till I cried
myself into a fit of repentance. Oh, love,
how hot your head is! How strange you
look! Is this my fault, or has baby been
troublesome and worried you?"

She hurried from her husband to the in-
fant's cot. It was empty!

"Jane has taken him to the nursery—
quite right," she observed, lingering to
smoothe the little pillow and pinch out
the lace of the curtains. When she came
back to the sofa Robert was gone.

He was dashing along the streets like
one frenzied. What had he done? Wretch
that he was to have robbed a mother of
her child! Great Heavens! he must have
been out of his senses when he committed
so unpardonable a crime. The remorse
that had attacked him so soon as Mrs.
Plumpte quitted the house, was now over-
whelming.

Heaping ill names upon himself, gnaw-
ing his lips with self-reproach, and pictur-
ing Fanny, his cruelly used wife, pursuing
him with upbraiding eyes, no matter
where he fled, he rushed across crowded
thoroughfares, thrusting aside every ob-
stacle, while those who watched his pro-
gress whispered that he must be an
escaped lunatic.

At Mrs. Plumpte's door he rang and
knocked furiously, till a frightened wo-
man opened it.

Straw was scattered about the hall, but
the trunks of the travellers were gone.
Her mistress, she explained, had arranged
to meet the rest of the party at London
Bridge Station.

Her
Robe
claim
gift.

Without a glance
as swiftly as he had ap
make a few of the persons wa
smile and stare to see a tall young fa
hurrying towards the cabstand, encum-
bered with an infant in long clothes, but a
prowler soon carried him out of their
sight.

Upon the face of that infant how many
tears fell, how many kisses were pressed
during the homeward journey?

"Did I think I did not love thee, my
darling, my Fanny's little one? I was
mad when I gave you away—gave you, in
your helplessness, to a she-fiend, who
might have tortured you even as she
would have tortured the heart of your
young mother. Never again shall you
be torn from that dear mother's bosom!
Drive faster, faster, cabman, that I may
reach home before my little son awakens
to sting my conscience with pitiful looks
and plaints, or my poor Fanny becomes
distracted with alarm at his disappear-
ance!"

Another half-hour, and need we say all
was peace in the household of Robert and
Fanny Upton?

A POINT OF COURTESY.—There is one little piece of kindness which almost all, old and young, have opportunities to perform, and by the practice of which they can very materially aid to the comfort and happiness of less fortunate persons. It is to avoid looking at deformities or marks of disease when they are met in the street or the home. The keen suffering given to a sensitive person—and all persons with a noticeable deformity may well be supposed to be sensitive on the subject—is such as one who has felt it can alone understand to the full. Of course it is the most natural thing for the eye to fall upon that which is marked or unusual; but that is a poor excuse for unkindness. We ought deliberately to school ourselves not to add by look or by word to the unhappiness of those who have already enough to bear.

HOW THE DIFFICULTY WAS MET.—A good story is told of an Western judge. A man was indicted for burglary, and the evidence on the trial showed that his burglary consisted in cutting a hole through a tent in which several persons were sleeping, and then inserting his head and arm through the hole, and abstracting various articles of value. It was claimed by his counsel that, inasmuch as he never actually entered the tent with his whole body, he had not committed the offence charged, and must therefore be discharged. The judge, in reply to this plea, told the jury that if they were not satisfied that the whole man was involved in the crime, they might bring in a verdict of guilty against so much of him as was thus involved. The jury, after a brief consultation, found the right arm, the right shoulder, and the head of the prisoner guilty of the offence of burglary. The judge sentenced the right arm, the right shoulder, and the head to imprisonment with hard labor in the State prison for two years, remarking that, as to the rest of the man's body, he might do with it what he pleased.

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by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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prolonged immersion
sea. They have been lying there for a number of years, and are gradually, but very slowly, regaining their former unrivalled orient.

One of the worst evils attending penal servitude is said to be the hunger which assails a man with a healthy appetite during the first few months or years of his imprisonment. A man who has just done a long term for forgery, says: "I used to go to bed every night pinched by hunger. I began dreaming of banquets, and would have thought nothing strange about it had not the same dream come to me every night. The banquet was always the same, in the same place and I always had the same place at the table. The exasperating thing about it was that just as the first course was offered I always awoke, so that even in my dreams I was not permitted to taste of the munificent spread which was nightly presented to me in my sleep. I dreaded to go to bed because the dream tortured me. It only made me the hungrier, and I then understood the agony of Tantalus, the fabled hero who was tortured with thirst and to whose lips the waters were ever coming and receding just as he was in the act of taking a drink."

What would an American woman think of being fined £10 in a police court for wearing a ring, her own property, on which was a crest representing a stag's head, asks the London correspondent of a New York paper. That was the experience of Mrs. Duval, of Hyde Park, London, the other day. A revenue officer called upon Mrs. Duval to inquire about her failure to license her dog. He noticed the ring upon her finger, and informed her that it was an armorial bearing, which it was illegal to have in one's possession without a license. She explained that the ring was given to her by her brother sixteen years ago, and that she had worn it ever since. She was summoned to Court. The magistrate recalled the case of the comedian, Arthur Roberts, who was before him several years ago for having an armorial bearing on one of his hall chairs, which he had bought at an auction. He had fined Mr. Roberts, and he treated Mrs. Duval likewise. Incidentally he made her pay 10 shillings for failing to license the dog.

One of the most interesting strokes of lightning on record occurred at Bourges, France, on May 4 last, of which a French scientific journal has now given accurate particulars. On that day 18 men of the Thirty-seventh Regiment of artillery were marching in the polygon outside of Bourges under the conduct of Chief Artificer Beauvais. A heavy shower made them run for shelter, but in doing so a flash of lightning literally mowed them down, with the exception of Bonveau, who marched behind. The three first ranks quickly regained their feet, but four men remained insensible and were carried to the hospital, where one, named Bonveau, who had walked a little apart, died. The clothes of the victim were, as usual, torn and his boots burst open. Bonveau was struck on the head, and his kepi and hair were burned. The discharge passed by the right ear to the shoulder and left haunch, then down the inner surface of the left leg. The iron nails of the boot made a good contact with the ground; but the leather of the sole appears to have offered great resistance, for the discharge left the foot at a point between the heel and the upper.

"an, that will do nicely. I have just made Polly and Rosy pink gingham frocks," said Alice, "and the pink sashes will make them look very nice. How many dolls have you got at home, Natty?"

"I have got two at home, and Dolly that I have brought with me—that makes three. I never take the others out to tea with me. They are much older than Dolly, and don't look so nice," replied Natty.

"But I shall see them when I come to take tea with you, shall I not?"

"Oh yes," said Natty, "but I daresay I shall have put them to bed, for they look nice in their nightgowns and nightcaps; and they have a very pretty little bed to lie in, with chints curtains and a white coverlet. They are better in bed, for both Emmy's arms are broken, and Toodles has only one leg. So I pretend they are not well enough to get up; but they have very pretty faces."

"That's a pity," said Alice; "could you not have the arms mended?"

Natty shook her head.

"I am afraid not; the bran is all out of them, and the fingers are all torn."

"Poor dolls!" said Alice; "I must take care of mine."

"You have no brothers," returned Natty. "Now I have two, and they spoil my dear dolls. Tom played at being a doctor, and he and Toodles must have her leg taken off, so Jack bored her, and before I could do anything the leg was off, and all the bran poured out of it on the floor. Then Jack said that Emmy must be shot, so, though I called out to them to leave her alone, they made holes in her arms, and shook her till there was not a bit of bran left. Boys are very rough with dolls. But papa was very angry with Tom and Jack for spoiling my dolls, and he punished them. And now they leave my dolls alone."

When Natty and Alice had played at giving their dolls some tea, they had tea themselves and played at games; and when Natty went home she made Alice promise that the next day she would spend the afternoon with her, and bring dolly with her.

FIRST ATTEMPT AT STEAM CULTURE.—On the 17th of January, 1618, a patent was granted to David Ramsey and Thomas Wildgoose for a machine which the patentees describe as "Newe, apte, or compendious formes or kinde of engines or instrument and other pfitable invencions, wayes and meanes for the good of our Commonwealth, as well as to ploughe grounde without horse or oxen, and to enrich and make better and more fertill as well barren peate, saite and sea sande, as inland or upland grounde within our Kingdomes of England and Ireland and our domynyon of Wales, as also to rayse waters from anye lowe place to highe places . . . and to make boates for the carryage of burthens and passengers runn upon the water as swifte in calmes, and more saff in stormes, than boate full sayled in greate wyndes."

This was the sixth patent granted in England, of which we have any account, and the first one in which the great power of steam was put into requisition for the purpose of assisting in the cultivation of the soil. The cultivation of land is marked by three epochs. The first, in the primitive age of mankind, was performed entirely by hand labor. In the second, that most valuable and ancient implement, the plough, was drawn by domesticated ani-

, a name had
of a century fami-
Indian "Shikari." Yet,
the great game of the Far East
fallen before his rifle, it was not as a
slayer of wild beasts, so much as a captor
of one of them, that George Sanderson
made for himself a name and a career.

Unlike Gordon, Cumming and Baker and Selous, he was not a killer but a keeper of quadrupeds. For some twenty years he had been at the head of the Government elephant catching establishments, or keddahs, in Mysore and Assam, and less than two years ago he accompanied the late Duke of Clarence on his tour through the sporting regions of the Empire over which it then seemed that, in the fulness of time, the young Prince would be fated to rule.

However, the catching of elephants and the keeping of keddahs is not yet a recognized branch of the Civil Service. It is not even a profession, so that it was Mr. Sanderson's distinction, not only to attain the summit of, but also to invent the calling, for which he early discovered he was better suited than for the work which had been set him to perform.

The man's conversation was more interesting than any book. It abounded in quaint tales of his life in the jungle, of the strange incidents in native life, of the habits of wild beasts which he had witnessed from his hut door, from the limb of a forest tree; or while engaged in the perilous duties of his daily business.

Happily, however, when taking his first furlough after thirteen years' continuous residence in the plains of Southern India, he was induced to put some of his notes into print, and though a decade of experiences have accumulated since that date, both in Mysore and in Assam, to which he was transferred, Science and the lovers of adventure must, we fear, be content with what he then vouchsafed. The hard won knowledge of the last years of his life will, like so much other precious information, die with the professor.

Indeed, though some of his feats were sufficiently remarkable in the earlier period of his life, it was only in 1867 that we had occasion to record what was then the unprecedented capture of one hundred and twenty elephants at one stroke, a haul worth in hard coin, apart from the convenience of having so many animals to draw upon, close on ten thousand pounds.

Since then he has more than once broken this record, with results of the utmost value to the Government. In one season four hundred and four were captured in the Garow Hills, one hundred and thirty-two being taken in 1883 in a single drive.

When Mr. Sanderson arrived in India twenty-eight years ago he was already dreaming of a single life, among elephants, tigers, and bison, and in a few months a friend gave the lad a chance of surveying land, and scouring the country, about which he learned a little, and a great deal about ducks and antelope shooting. He then devoted himself to the study of Canarese, the vernacular of Mysore, and at the end of a year had applied himself so judiciously to this branch of philology that he obtained the appointment of Assistant Channel Superintendent.

From Hoosoor he had to look after one hundred and fifty miles of river-drawn irrigation channels, all of them works of antiquity, and to traverse almost daily jungles in which spotted deer, pig, and jungle fowl swarmed. But it was not for more than a year that he managed to sight a tiger, and the elephants which were soon to be the work of his life were as yet strange to him.

Little by little Sanderson rose higher, until he became the head of his department, and having the charge of seven hundred and sixteen miles of channels, had to

further into the
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obtaining good sport.
"I spent most of my
y cash upon it," until
afforded him of chang-
therto been a favorite re-
business of his life. For
for the first time, he grew
the wild elephant, which
rds, useless and destructive,
rious parts of the Mysore

year the elephant in captivity is
g more valuable, though in many
es it was difficult to get along without
s aid. Sanderson then proposed that he
should be permitted to capture some of
these roving droves, and, by the aid of the
natives, was so fortunate in his first en-
deavor that he was appointed to take tem-
porary charge of the Bengal Elephant-
catching Establishment in September 1875.

For nine months he worked that Pro-
vince, during which time he visited the
Garow and Chittagong Hills, then wild
and little known tracts, and returned to
Mysore next year, after capturing eighty-
five elephants in the district named. The
famine for a time put a check upon his work
for, as fodder could not be procured for
the support of any elephants which might
have been captured, the keddah establish-
ments were employed in apportioning the
border forest into grazing blocks for the
starving cattle that flocked thither for pas-
ture.

The necessity for recruiting the supply
of tame elephants by the capture of wild
ones is due to the fact that this huge beast
rarely breeds in captivity, though, if we
are to believe Ælian, they were repeatedly
reared in ancient Rome. In Burmah, also,
such cases are known. But in India and
Ceylon, births in a state of domesticity are
exceedingly rare, so that any gaps in the
stock must be filled up by entrapping
those which roam the forest. This has
been accomplished by the natives in a
small way from the earliest time, though
it was not until Sanderson brought his
genius for the business to bear upon it that
"keddahs" or "corrals" on the scale
which he made so successful were con-
sidered possible.

A keddah is simply a stockade, or vast
enclosure made with trunks or branches
of trees, somewhere in the heart of jungle
known to be frequented by elephants.
Only one opening is left at the side, this
entrance being usually approached by a
funnel-shaped avenue gradually narrow-
ing as it nears the walls of the stockade.
The enclosure being completed, beaters
are despatched in an extensive crescent, the
hunters gradually narrowing their circle
until a very limited area is left for the
final rush. Here the hunters halt to allow
the animals to rest and recover from their
terror, though, to prevent a stampede,
great fires are lit all around.

At last, armed with torches, the beaters
close in, and with wild shouts force the
panic-stricken brutes to make for the open-
ing in the keddah as the only outlet which
appears ready for their escape. Once in-
side the trap, the gap is blocked up with
logs ready for the purpose, and the dazed
beasts are left to rest.

Next comes the process of taming.
Several domesticated elephants, each bear-
ing a "mahout" or driver, and with a
"nooser" following behind on foot, enter
the corral, mingling freely with the cap-
tives, until the latter are put off their
guard, and the "nooser" has an opport-
unity to slip a cord in succession round
the legs of the wild animals.

In this fashion the captive is secured to
a tree until he becomes habituated to the
idea that he is not any longer free. Aided
by the sagacious co-operation of the tame
elephant, the process of domestication goes
on, until in a couple of months the beast
is permitted to be at large with a mahout,
to whom he has got accustomed, on his
back, and in three or four months, it is sel-
dom that, by dint of kindness and firmness,
the wildling cannot be put to work, or dis-
plays any inordinate propensity to escape.

It was in this dangerous service that
Sanderson earned his fame. He studied
the ways of the great animal, and by his
knowledge of its habits and weakness ren-
dered at once the art of catching and tam-
ing it more easy than even the natives had
believed.

WIFE (who has the foreign language "spasm"): "John, do you know I am get-
ting on splendidly with my French? I
am really beginning to think in the lan-
guage!" Husband (interested in his
paper): "Is that so? Let me hear you
think a little while in French."

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

A moth insurance company is the lat-
est.

Opium eaters rarely live more than 35
years.

A calf with claws is a curiosity of a
[illegible]

Omaha, Neb., small boys make money
by selling cat tails.

"Gilt-edge Bricks" is the name of a
club in Ottawa, Kansas.

In six days recently 22 persons com-
mitted suicide in Berlin.

The Australian dog and the Egyptian
shepherd-dog never bark.

One thousand and seventy-eight acres
constitute an orchard in Kansas.

A vase of Sevres ware, only 8 inches
high, was sold in London for $720.

A talking clock has been invented by
a Geneva, Switzerland, watchmaker.

A resident of Asheville, N. C., claims
to be a descendant from Julius Cæsar.

Two million glass eyes are manufac-
tured every year in Germany and Switzer-
land.

The capacity of the largest flouring
mill in Minneapolis is said to be 15,300 barrels
a day.

Banner county, Neb., boasts of a new-
born boy who weighs twenty pounds and a
quarter.

Red fronts to black patent leather
shoes are among the special novelties of the
moment.

A society has been organized in Iowa
whose object is to push the pansy as the na-
tional flower.

A cabbage raised in Chatham, N. C.,
weighs 10½ pounds, and measures 39 inches in
circumference.

A snake six feet long is reported to
have fell from the clouds during a storm at
Marshall, Minn.

The Chicago W. C. T. U. has placed
a slot drinking machine in the postoffice
building in that city.

Superintendent Darlington, of the
Pennsylvania Railroad, is authority for the
statement that fast trains are the safest.

Mansion House street, in the city of
London, is reputed to be the shortest street in
the world. It is only a few yards in length.

Since 1886 Great Britain has com-
pleted 19 new armored warships, while ten
others are in various stages of construction.

A convention of German horse butch-
ers is to open a restaurant in Berlin to edu-
cate the upper class to the use of horse flesh
as food.

A 20-mile boat race was recently held
in Brittany, France, under a scorching sun.
On crossing the line, the winner drank a glass
of lemonade and dropped dead.

Frog-shooting is becoming quite a
fashionable sport in France. Large numbers
of cross-bows especially manufactured for
this purpose are now sold in Paris.

A Parisian meteorologist has written
a book of 300 pages to prove that the elec-
tricity of thunderstorms is caused by the
friction of rain drops on hailstones.

The Medical Record says yawning is
by no means a useless act, for it often cures
catarrh and other affections of the throat, in
many cases giving instantaneous relief.

The latest idea in Paris is an official
inspection of all the shade trees in the city,
with the view of removing those that are not
healthy and substituting others that are.

A mare belonging to a resident of
Ripley, Me., was lately found in a pasture
with its hind foot caught in her mouth in such
a manner that it took several men to extricate
it.

St. Louis will have an attractive fea-
ture, during the World's Fair celebration, in
the shape of an immense illuminated globe,
with the different continents, etc., painted on
its surface.

If all reports are true, Greenwood,
Me., is the sportsman's paradise. Bears roam
around the edges of the village in the day-
time, and at night the wolves keep up such a
howling that people are unable to sleep.

On Fulton street, in New York, on a
recent very warm day, a tired car horse sat
down in a cool hole that had been dug for
making gas pipe connections and enjoyed a
comfortable rest while looking around at his
toiling brethren.

The mania for territorial expansion
has attacked Washington. It is proposed to
annex Baltimore to that city by a boulevard
40 miles long and an electric railroad, which,
it is expected, would soon be lined by su-
burban residences.

Mexico is a medley—the most ancient
and most modern arrangements mingle. The
women grind corn and the men carry water as
in the days of Abraham, yet the government
has telephone, telegraph, electric lights, and
has contracted for the phonograph in the
postoffice department.

MOONLIGHT ON THE LAKE.

BY J. F. S.

In the autumnal gloaming sad and chill
The moorland mere in silent slumber lay,
Unruffled were its waters, darkly gray,
And all its sentinel reeds stood stiff and still;
The peewit's last good-night fell clear and shrill;
The west was dusky-brown with dying day,
When came across the heather, far away,
The gleam of moonrise o'er the distant hill.

Like flame that flashes through the cannon-smoke
A full moon climbed above the swaying firs—
The rushes felt that herald-breeze of hers;
They whispered to the water that awoke,
Athwart its face a golden ripple broke,
And the Queen kissed her nightly worshippers.

FAMOUS TOASTS.

If the ancient custom of "toasting" has, in the present day, become a function of almost purely personal "health drinking," in which truth is far too often sacrificed upon the altar of flattery, there is still room for congratulation, in that it is seldom tainted with the political rancor which was ever uppermost in the sentiments of the "three bottle men" of the past.

Indeed, the stormy times of bygone ages appear to have particularly lent themselves to drinking bouts, wherein the inevitable toast was made the medium of expressing the tippler's political sympathies, and for centuries, faction, rather than conviviality and good-fellowship, reigned king over the wine cup.

Naturally, the Revolution was productive of many instances of this, and if the cavaliers in the Protector's time were witty, even in the bitterness of their spirits, when they dropped a crumb into their mouths, and, raising the glass to their lips, said, "May the Lord send this crumb well down!" what shall be said of the four or five Berkshire Royalists who, according to Whitlock, would, when in their cups, cut small collops from their own flesh, and drink to the health of "King Charles" in the blood that flowed from the mutilated parts.

Yet, mad though they may have been, glorious fighters, staunch friends, and right royal drinkers in very truth, were these dandified adherents, through thick and thin, to an apparently lost cause, and their toasts breathed a defiant fidelity that alike made them popular and famous.

"When the King shall get his own again" caused many an aching head and heavy heart, and the "Health of the King," which loyal men drank on their knees, after the Restoration, brought about so much quarrelling and shedding of blood that Charles II. issued a proclamation discouraging it, and expressing "our dislike of those who, under pretence of affection to us and our service, assume to themselves a liberty of reviling, threatening, and reproaching others." "There are, likewise, another sort of men (the proclamation went on to say) of whom we have heard much, and are sufficiently ashamed, who spend their time in taverns, tippling-houses, and debauches, giving no other evidence of their affection to us but in drinking our healths." Poor King! the same "evidence of affection" is not uncommon nowadays.

"To the old man over the water," was a favorite toast in the reign of William III.; drank also by the Jacobites when George II. was king, with the modification, however, that "To the King!" were the only words uttered, the glasses being held over a bowl of water, so implying the king over the water. "Confusion to the King," also, speedily became famous, and treasonable as well; whilst even the manner of William's death gave the Jacobite tipplers an opportunity of exercising their wit when passing the bottle.

As history relates, William died of injuries received by his horse Sorrel stumbling over a molehill in the park near Hampton Co
Anne's reign, the
health of the little g
meaning thereby th
thrown up the fatal h
with all due solemnit
still remained faithful to
far away." Nor were
alone in offering a libation
tical sympathies, and
"Orange Toast," composed
liam's death, and drank with en
by his Irish admirers, is a fitting
tration of the spirit of the times.

"To the glorious, pious, and immorta
memory of the just and good King William (so it ran), not forgetting Oliver Cromwell, who assisted in redeeming us from Popery, slavery, arbitrary power, brass money, and wooden shoes. May we never want a Williamite to kick—a Jacobite! . . . and he that won't drink this, whether he be bishop, priest, deacon, bellows-blower, grave-digger, or any other of the fraternity of the clergy, may a north wind blow him to the south, a west wind blow him to the east; may he have a dark night, a lee shore, a rank storm, and a leaky vessel to carry him over the River Styx."

Some part of the toast is necessarily omitted, but enough is given to show the kindly feeling towards their political opponents which animated the wine-bibbers of the period. Reference to the clergy brings to recollection the story of another toast.

Dr. Egerton, Bishop of Durham, on coming to that See, employed a person of the name of Due as his agent, to find out the true value of the estates held by lease under him, and, in consequence of Due's report, greatly raised both the fines and rents of the tenants, on which the following toast was frequently drunk in the bishopric: 'May the Lord take the bishop, and the devil have his Due."

A CLERGYMAN past middle age, after having united a loving couple in the holy bond of matrimony, was asked by a person present at the marriage-feast how he, a bachelor, could consistently engage in such ceremonies. The good man's answer was significant—In a man's life there are but two periods when he is likely to marry—one when he is young and has no sense, the other when he is old and has lost his sense. He was glad to inform them that he was past the one, and had not reached the other.

Grains of Gold.

Of the two evils choose—Neither.

Inexperience is the mother of self-conceit.

That day is a failure in which you do not try to make somebody happy.

A sweet temper is to the household what sunshine is to trees and flowers.

Hope never grows old. It is as buoyant in the grandsire's as in the grandchild's heart.

Those who have few things to attend to are great babblers; for the less men think, the more they talk.

Excessive liberty and excessive servitude are equally dangerous, and produce nearly the same effect.

If some people had the faith to move mountains, they would soon make all their neighbors' land very hilly.

Many shining actions owe their success to chance, though the general or statesman runs away with the applause.

When we get to the end of life we shall find out that the things we have lost are those we tried the hardest to keep.

Weeds grow sometimes very much like flowers, and you can't tell the difference between true and false merely by the shape.

There are people in the church wear long faces because they are afraid they wouldn't be considered religious if they didn't.

The kind of religion that is not contagious is the kind that never speaks half as loud in business as it tries to do in prayer meeting.

If moderate drinking is allowable and respectable, what's the reason that moderate stealing, or any other kind of qualified meanness isn't commendable?

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mir

Ve
ugly
should be flatter
and mediocre ones on to.

Convince some women
make them better looking, and they
must be willing to starve to death.

Mrs. Ann Scott Maulsby, of Washington, and Mrs. Emma Lovett Breese, of Mt. Airy, Pa., sisters, both died recently on the same day.

She: "What did papa say, dear, when you told him you wished to marry me?" He: "I do not remember what he said, darling, but I know I felt hurt."

"Miss Smiley is going to travel under an assumed name." "You surprise me!" "Yes; she is going to be married next week and going on her wedding journey."

The director of a matrimonial agency in Paris says the young girls ask only, "Who is he?" the young widows, "What is his position? the old widows, "Where is he?"

Feather beds date back to a very early period. The Romans are said to have first used feathers. Feather beds were in use in England in the reign of Henry VIII.

"Is this a singing doll?" asked she of the shopman. "Yes, miss." "How do you make it sing?" "Just as you would any other young lady." "How is that?" "By pressing it."

A woman has been convicted of destroying mail in the letter boxes in Bristol, England, by introducing vitriol through the slot. She was given six months' imprisonment.

Faith is sometimes personified as a drenched female clinging to a sea-washed rock; but a better personification would be a bald-headed man buying a bottle of patent hair restorer.

Dunbrown wants to punish the liquor drinker as well as the liquor seller. Tosspot says he will go a step farther. He wants the liquor itself punished, and he is willing to punish all he can of it.

The judge of the court, questioning lady witness: "Your age, madam?" The lady, in a low voice: "Twenty-two." The judge: "Thirty-two, you say, madam?" The lady, quickly: "No, sir; twenty-seven!"

Wife, at the opera: "Mr. Blue Eyes, the tenor, didn't do that love scene well at all. Wonder if he's sick?" Husband: "Perhaps he is. The prima donna sat at the table next to ours at the hotel, and I noticed that she ate nine raw onions."

Mrs. Porcu: "There was one thing that happened at her wedding that struck me as being rather bad form." Mrs. Walnah: "What was that?" "Among the old shoes thrown after the happy couple were a pair that belonged to her divorced husband."

"Can we meet alone on Sunday?" he whispered, eagerly, as he rose to go. "No," said the banker's daughter sadly, "not very well. Sunday is not a legal day for meeting a loan. If I can meet you any other day——" But the darkness had swallowed him up.

Landlady, to applicant for rooms: "Beg pardon, sir, but what business do you follow?" Applicant: "I am a doctor of music." "Oh, then we shall be glad to have you with us, and I'm sure you'll do well here, for there's lots of music in this locality that needs doctoring."

A shabbily-dressed woman called upon a gentleman for aid, claiming that she was in a starving condition. He looked upon her plethoric form, estimating the avoirdupois of the superfluous fat, and answered: "You don't look like a starving woman." "I know it," she whiningly answered; "I'm blessed with grief."

"Doesn't it embarrass you to be kissed by your husband before a car full of people?" "Embarrass me?" replied the lady, who was starting off on a journey, as she seated herself in a seat and looked at the questioner. "Did John kiss me when he said good-bye? I declare I didn't notice it. Is my hat on straight, Laura?"

Can any one tell why fond parents are strenuous about getting their babies to bed at sundown every night, when the cherubs invariably get their sleep out at 4 A. M., and begin the matutinal gambols that murder sleep for other people? Surely an ingenious parent should be able to gauge the sleeping capacity of their little wellsprings of joy and prevent their ebullition at such untimely hours.

man who
the morning.

According to the latest C
tory the Johnsons outnumber the Smiths by 700 in that city.

Following the advent of a baby in a family comes the advent of the safety pin into a man's toilet.

One's self-satisfaction is an untaxed kind of property, which it is very unpleasant to find depreciated.

A man committed suicide at Detroit, one day last week by stabbing himself 14 times with a pocket-knife.

Colonel James H. Rice, of Indiana, has a plan for revolutionizing naval warfare by building India-rubber ships.

The art of stereotyping was invented by a Frenchman in 1703, and is believed to have first been introduced in America in 1813.

Margaret Moran, aged 70 years, was sent to jail for 60 days for sleeping in a flower bed and destroying plants in a park at Hartford, Conn.

When a man keeps on talking to you after he has said "A word to the wise is sufficient," the time to take summary vengeance has arrived.

A novel feature of the Springfield, Mass., street car system is the letting of electric cars to parties who wish to hire. The price is $1 an hour.

A machine to tell how tired one is has been invented. Get one and wear it where people can see the indicator while they are talking to you.

Do not try to extract a fish-hook or any barbed instrument by the hole at which it entered. Push it all the way through and break off the head.

A lame man while hobbling along on crutches in Hartford, Conn., the other morning, was asked by an acquaintance if he didn't want to buy a ticket for a dance.

There are some great troubles that only time can heal, and perhaps some that can never be healed at all; but all can be helped by that great panacea, work.

He: "Are you ready, Emma?" She: "Yes, John. I'll be there in a minute; I've only my bonnet to put on." He: "All right. I'll have time to shave before we go."

An Oriental proverb says: "This world resembles very much an old book, the first and the concluding pages of which have been lost. We do not know the beginning or the end of this world."

Seals, when basking, place one of their number on guard to give the alarm in case of danger. The signal is a quick clap of the flippers on a rock. Rabbits signal with their forepaws, and have regular signals and calls.

"I believe him to be a remarkably truthful and high-minded gentleman." "On what do you base your belief?" "He has been up in Wisconsin for two months, and he told me personally that he had hard luck fishing."

Ministerial friend, on a visit: "I wonder what makes your mamma so happy today? She is singing around all over the house." Little Nell: "I dess she's thought of somfin' to scold papa about when he comes home."

Miss Pert: "I've never seen Mr. Bjonks. Is he a handsome man?" Miss Flyrte: "Handsome! Well, that's a matter of opinion. My own idea is that if beauty were subject to taxation, Mr. Bjonks would be entitled to a pension."

A valuable hint for street improvement comes from Boston. Tremont street is to be made wider, not by cutting off a slice from the fronts of the buildings from top to bottom, as on Chestnut street in our own city, but by taking a portion of the first story of each house to form an arcade extending the length of the block, thus furnishing a footway sheltered from sun and rain and obtaining a fine architectural effect with the least possible encroachment on private property.

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This is a picture which will appeal especially to those who prefer the portrayal of domestic joys rather than the splendor of war or the suffering of religious faith. It is a glimpse of real life into which the poetry of love enters deeply.

The Picture we offer, size of which is 21x28 inches, printed on the thickest canvas paper, is an exact fac-simile of the original, in magnificence of coloring as well as in all other respects. "The Russian Wedding Feast" was exhibited in Antwerp in 1884, and soon after purchased for $40,000, and brought to this country.

THIS PICTURE IN BEAUTIFUL COLORS HAS THE APPEARANCE OF AN OIL PAINTING, AND IS THE HANDSOMEST EVER GIVEN AS A PREMIUM, AND WE OFFER IT FREE OF CHARGE TO EVERY OLD AND NEW SUBSCRIBER WHO SENDS US $2.00 FOR ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

...fas-
...ed lay-
... paper. Then
...om her lips. An
...t white flowers lay
... wreath, to be pinned
...ulder, and hang down to the
... Lord Wilton's card, "with his compliments," was pinned on to the first.

"Oh, aunt, isn't it beautiful?" exclaimed Nella ecstatically, but Mrs. Spence walked out of the room with a thunder-cloud on her brow.

At dinner it seemed as if a storm was brewing, but Nella had great difficulty in keeping still, for her innocent young heart was brimming over with joy. He had thought of her amongst all his fine friends, and remembered her simple dress without trimming.

"Eleanor, I want to speak to you," said her aunt sharply, as soon as dessert was over; "come into the drawing-room."

Nella followed her in a fright. Mrs. Spence had not been particularly kind to her, but she could not be so wicked as to prevent her going to the ball. Her heart nearly stopped beating at the thought.

"I have been thinking the matter over," said Mrs. Spence gravely, as she seated herself on the sofa, "and your uncle and I have come to the conclusion that it will be better for you not to wear those flowers to-night."

"Not wear them?" her brown eyes opening wide in dismay.

"No; we consider that you must have behaved in a forward and unladylike manner in order to induce Lord Wilton to take such a liberty as to send them? We do not blame him, but we blame you, because, of course, a man will always do that sort of thing if a girl encourages him."

"I never encouraged him," stamping her foot.

"Yes, my dear Eleanor, you did. He has known Elizabeth and Clara ever since he was a boy, but he has never taken such a liberty with them. Now don't cry, or you will spoil your appearance."

"I don't care. I won't go to the ball at all."

"Nonsense, child, you must. Go upstairs to your room and compose yourself, and I'll send out into the garden for a rose."

Nella went upstairs, but there her obedience ended, for she threw herself on her bed and burst into a passion of tears. There she was still when Clara knocked at her door and asked if she might have the bouquet as it would go so well with her dress.

"Good gracious, Nell, the carriage will be round in half an hour," she cried in dismay, as she went out of the room with the flowers in her hand.

As soon as she was gone, Nella got up and bathed her eyes with eau-de-Cologne, arranged her sunny hair with the utmost care, and scrambled into her dress with the housemaid's help. Then she tossed aside the red rose which her aunt had sent her, and detaching a lovely white bud and a spray of lilies from the wreath, pinned them on her shoulder.

Mrs. Spence noticed the change when she came downstairs, but thought it best to make no remark, lest another burst of tears might be the consequence.

The two sisters looked gorgeous, but nothing could make them pretty; whilst Nella, in her simple dress, cut them out completely.

Her heart beat fast as they were marshalled through the spacious hall into the brilliantly-lighted room where Lady Canterbury was standing to receive her guests.

The countess gave her a pleasant smile, and hearty shake of the hand, then Nella slipped behind her cousins, casting a shy glance around. She had never been in such a splendid scene before, and the flash of jewels on every side seemed to dazzle her.

Mr. Upperton, a tall curate, came up and talked to Elizabeth. Mr. Medway, a young barrister, asked Clara after her brother, but no one noticed Nella.

Presently there was a movement in the throng, and a pair of broad shoulders, crowned by a handsome face, came in sight.

As Lord Wilton shook hands with the Spences, the band struck up Buccalossi's lovely waltz, "Mon Amour," and with a bright smile he bowed low to a certain little form in the background, and said with a smile:

"This is our dance, Miss Lestrange."

The curate stared; Mr. Medway put up his eye-glass; whilst the sisters grew red with jealousy.

"Where are my flowers?" said Lord Wilton, as he led his partner into the ball-room.

"Here," looking down at her shoulder.

"Only those! But where are the rest? Why did you give them away?"

"I didn't."

"Do you mean to say they took them?" the fierce light returning to his eyes. She did not answer, but her lip trembled. "Never mind," he said more gently, "they can't take you from me."

Then he put his arm round her soft little waist, and they floated together round the room, the lights reflected in countless mirrors, the sweetest music in their ears, and a delicious happiness stealing from heart to heart. To Nella it was like a delightful dream from which she would be sure to wake in another minute. When the dance was over, Lord Wilton introduced her to his cousin, the Duke of Portsmouth, a very grand young man with a diamond solitaire as big as a sixpence.

He made her laugh by his old remarks, but she did not care much about him, though every other girl in the room was longing to be his partner.

Towards the end of the evening, Clara came up to her mother, and asked her if she shouldn't tell Eleanor that it was time to go home.

"Certainly, my dear. But do you know where she is?"

"With Lord Wilton again," lowering her voice. "Isn't it atrocious?"

Mrs. Spence shook her head, and sighed.

* * * * * *

"You cried before you came to-night," said Lord Wilton softly, as they sat together under the drooping branches of a yellow rose in the conservatory. "Don't deny it, I saw it in your eyes. Was it because they took away my flowers?"

"Partly," her lashes drooping on her blushing cheeks.

"Why did they take them?"

"Aunt said I oughtn't to have allowed you to send them," her bosom heaving as she thought of her wrongs.

"But I never asked you."

"No; but—she thought—I——" hesitating and crimson. "She didn't blame you."

"I see, she thought you had been flirting," his eyes twinkling. "Did you tell them that it didn't matter one brass farthing if you had?"

"No."

"Nella, don't you love me?" No answer. "Do you know that I can't get on without my little snowdrop? Do you know that I shall shoot myself if you won't be my little wife? Nella, look at me!"

One shy upward glance, when the fluttering heart seemed to shine out of the loving eyes, and then her head drooped on his shoulder, and his moustache swept her cheek.

"Eleanor!" The roses were swept aside by a hasty hand, and Clara Spence stood transfixed by the sight before her. Instead of being in the least abashed, Lord Wilton raised his head with a sunny smile.

"Ah Miss Spence, you have just come in time. Let me introduce you to my future wife!"

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...on after
... her daughters
... Canterbury, to inspect the two ball-dresses which had been ordered long ago from the best dressmaker, and to purchase the simple materials for the one that was to be made at home.

Eleanor Lestrange was an orphan niece, who had been received into the household much against the will of her two cousins. She had two hundred a year of her own, and a lovely face, so she might be considered a dangerous rival by the girls. But there was no thought of rivalry in her gentle breast as she strolled down the shrubbery and across the paddock into the cool woods of Wilton Hall. Her eyes were full of tears, for her cousins had been very rude to her about that little episode in the train a month ago, when Lord Wilton, the eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Canterbury, had come to her assistance, and saved her from the impertinence of a fellow-traveler.

She sat down at the foot of a gnarled oak, from which there was a lovely view through the branches of the trees, and resting her head on her hand, fell into the saddest thoughts possible for youth. No one wanted her in her new home. Mr. Spence did not understand her; Mrs. Spence said she was wilful and untidy; the girls were jealous of her. Even a proper dress for the countess's ball had been denied her, and she would go to it looking like a country dowdy.

Oh, if her own idolized father Colonel Lestrange were only alive, or she at rest by his side in the quiet churchyard at Beverley!

"Miss Lestrange!" The soft rich voice startled her from her melancholy dreams, and she looked up to see Lord Wilton standing before her with his fishing-rod in his hand. "How glad I am I came this way!" throwing down his encumbrances, and subsiding on to the grass at her feet. "Do you know that I have done nothing but think of you from morning till night?" looking up into her blushing face with his bold blue eyes.

"Then you have wasted your time shocking," trying to appear at her ease.

"Don't you deserve it better than dogs or horses?"

"No; I'm not half so useful."

"Nor half so nice, I presume. But what is the matter? You've been crying!"

"It was nothing," growing crimson, "only——"

"Only what?" creeping up closer to her side. "Have they been bullying you?" a fierce light in his eyes, as if he would have liked to bully them.

"No."

"Then what? They are not going to prevent you from coming to our dance?"

"No, I'm coming; but——" her lips trembling.

"But what?" his eyes looking straight into hers, and compelling her to answer.

"I am going to have such a horrible dress."

"Come in the one you've got on," looking down at her pink cambric, "and you'll cut out all the rest. Mind, the first dance is for me."

"I shall look such a fright, that I shall hide in the corner," her heart fluttering at something in his eyes.

"Then I shall come and drag you out. But what's the matter with the dress? It isn't green, is it?"

"No, white; but, oh, so terrible simple! Just like a child's."

"So much the better," with a look of relief. "You will look like a sweet little snowdrop amongst them all."

R. R. R.

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...ool.
...ves were
...at the top.
...on her pretty head
was a hat of black straw, trimmed with black velvet and wild roses. Her little feet had Oxford ties, and she wore dark gray stockings and gray suede gloves.

HOME DRESS FOR YOUNG LADY.

A simple toilet, but perfect for a young girl. She wore no corsets and her movement was free and graceful.

I remember my gown. It was of printed muslin, and had four skirts, each a little shorter than the other and all of them very dull. I had a waist of white silk, cut low in the neck—that is to say, square across, leaving the shoulders bare. The sleeves were puffed and reached nearly to the elbow. The waist of that dress measured around outside only eighteen inches, and I can remember to this day the agony I suffered in those corsets and the envy that besieged me when I saw other girls measure sixteen. We had to suffer, but we spared no pain to attain a small waist.

To keep the skirt out nicely we used to wear many white petticoats, starched and ruffled at the bottom. I think I wore thirteen, but I know that ten was not considered enough to give the proper "float." The skirt was just the same length front and back, and that made it necessary to hold up the front from fear of tripping over it.

My hair was turned off the face and rolled over "rats" of curled hair, and then made into a knot at the back, and I had two rosettes made of pink ribbon and black velvet, with long ends fastened each side the knot. I wore "gaiters" of drab prunella, laced up the side, without heels and reaching to just above the ankle bone, and I had black silk mitts on my hands. When I went out I had a "flat" hat with a wide brim and a fall of "blond" lace around it, and a fine ribbon fastened at the crown called a "bridle," and this could be shifted about so as to hold the hat brim down against the wind.

After that era came hoops; they went out, and skirts reaching scarcely to the ankle came in, and then huge puffs and trains and afterward "celskins" and so on, always changing, and what I wonder as it that in view of the monstrosities we have worn, with their unhealthful tight lacing and other bad qualities, people have the heart to complain of the pretty, artistic, comfortable and generally healthful styles now in vogue.

Take, for instance, the pretty home dress in the illustration of pink zephyr cloth. It is shirred at the neck, and then the fullness is adjusted to the figure loosely by means of bias pieces of the same, feather stitched with white floss. A pink ribbon with narrow black stripes forms a half belt and is tied in front with loops and ends. The back can be left Watteau or arranged just like the front, which is prettier for young figures. The sleeves hang bell fashion, but are gathered up slightly with bows on the forearm.

I came across another gown which is useful and simple. Semi invalids will find it valuable, and for an early morning gown it is perfect. For very cold weather it can be lined or made of thick goods. The original was of blood red cashmere, shirred onto a yoke of silk. The puffs at the top of the sleeves can be of silk or self goods, and the same with the cuffs. It is cut plain Mother Hubbard in front, with the sides slightly following the figure, and a deep Watteau plait in the back. If one wishes one can put a little trimming around the bottom or down the front, but trimming is always a matter of private ...oks as well without as ...

...ade of green, with a terra ...d cuffs, would be becom... ...ties, but only those whose ...l bear anything should put ...eir faces. Green, in rusty as ...ant shades, will be the color ...is said, and will enter into al... costume as a component part ...hing.

...ds are worn in great profusion, ... fashion for the moment is not to ... them as brooches all over the front ...the corsage, but to mount them on black or red satin ribbon across the floral sprays, and arrange the ribbon across the front of the bodice from right to left. So worn they are more effective than when detached and studded here and there.

Millinery is truly astonishing. No one style seems to be adopted amongst the many shapes for both hats and bonnets. French women rather incline to the small invented cup shape. A tiny green velvet bonnet is trimmed with black ostrich feathers standing up at the back. A grey lace straw bonnet, infinitesimal in size, has pink velvet strings and steel work on the crown. Flowers are literally heaped on to bonnets now, the effect being very often far from artistic. A tiny jetted bonnet has a full frilled border of lace and a cluster of delightfully natural looking yellow roses. A bonnet with the crown of black guipure over lilac silk, which shows through, has the brim formed of bunches of lilac and lace. The same model, only in white lace and white lilac, is equally pretty, black velvet strings preventing its looking entirely bridal. One model has the soft crown of pale heliotrope silk chiffon, and is trimmed with ostrich tips and rosettes of heliotrope baby ribbon. "La Fleur" and "Boulevard" are the names of two of the newest shapes both trimming well with little trouble, provided the fingers are clever and the ideas artistic.

A new cape is made of silk lace, beaded very cleverly with jet. The lace is set on in three graduated rows; the first, placed below the high lace collar, forms the epaulettes, the second and third falling to the waist, and below it, bows and ends of watered ribbon form the back of the collar, where the lace is pulled, give the necessary [illegible], which capes are not expensive, and have the merit of looking dressy-looking at a moderate outlay. Other new capes are in cloths veiled in black lace, with jet collars and ruffs of lace tied with black ribbons. A delicate heliotrope-colored cloth made in this fashion was noticeable, the bonnet matching it, with the addition of black ostrich tips standing up on one side, the left, not at the back as is more usual. Bonnets frequently match the capes or mantles.

Odds and Ends.

ON VARIOUS MATTERS OF HOME INTEREST.

During the season when eggs are plenty and cheap many persons pack them, small end down, in a box well covered with coarse salt, never allowing the eggs to touch each other. Have small holes bored in the bottom to drain off the moisture. Some use oats to pack in.

Hot catsup is in every way better than cold for use on meats. You can thicken any sauce almost as well with cornstarch as with butter. This starch has oil in it. With some syrup of preserve or jelly or the juices of canned fruits very good sweet sauces can be made with either arrowroot or any other fine starch. Cornstarch put in with the vinegar for coldslaw makes a good thickening. This is to be remembered when butter is high.

If soup is desired frequently, stock for making it quickly can always be on hand. With your meat cleaver, cut up all the bones left from your roasts and beefsteaks, and keep them in a covered stone jar. When you have sufficient, put them on and boil for three hours; strain this into an earthen vessel, and set aside to cool. A thick top of grease will rise to the surface, which can be taken off and used for frying purposes. The meat juice beneath, which sometimes is a thick jelly, can be diluted, if not wanted strong. With the addition of some cooked vegetables, soup can readily be made from this.

To select a fish see that the flesh is firm when pressed by the finger, and the eyes full. If the fish is at all stale that flesh will be flabby and the eyes sunken.

In cooking tough meat or an old fowl, add a pinch of soda to the water to make it tender.

To sweeten salt pork, cut as many slices as you will require for breakfast, and soak till morning in sweet milk and water; then rinse till the water is clear and fry.

In making buckwheat cakes it is best to save a little of the batter and cook it all. That which is saved is the yeast for another mess, and it can be kept perfectly sweet by filling the vessel with cold water and let it stand till night in a cool place. When ready to use pour off the water, which absorbs the acidity, and mix with tepid water. In the morning stir in half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water.

Take a pound of white castile or brown Windsor soap, stir it on the fire with a little water. Add lavender water or any other kind of essence when it is melted to a smooth paste, but do not thin it too much. Stir in half a cup or more of almond meal or of common oat meal. Keep it in jars for use. This is an old time preparation for keeping the hands smooth and white, which was used by the belles of the olden time.

Baked Bananas.—Select large red bananas. Strip off one section of the skin. With the handle of a spoon loosen the remaining skin; place them in a baking pan, the uncovered side up, sprinkle with granulated sugar, and bake in a moderately quick oven for thirty minutes.

Macaroni a la Creme.—Break one-half pound of pipe macaroni into inch pieces, wash them thoroughly, and place in a farina boiler, with hot water enough to cover the whole. After swelling out add one tablespoonful of salt, boil ten minutes and drain off the water. Pour a large cup of sweet milk over it, and let it cook until tender. While the above is cooking beat one cup of milk in a pipkin or porcelain-lined kettle until it boils. Thicken this with one teaspoonful of flour previously dissolved in cold water; stir in a tablespoonful of butter and lastly an egg. Mix all thoroughly together, and cook a few minutes until it thickens, then dish up the macaroni, pour the sauce over it and serve.

Eggs in Nests on Toast.—For six nests use six eggs. Separate the two parts of the eggs, putting the whites into a bowl and keeping the yolks whole by letting them remain in the half shells until the time comes for using them. Put a teaspoonful of salt with the whites, and beat until a stiff froth is formed. Toast slices of bread, and, after dipping the edges or crusts in hot water, spread them with butter and place them on a tin sheet or pan. Heap the whites of the beaten eggs on toast in a kind of round shape, making a depression in the centre of each round. Then put one-fourth of a teaspoonful of butter in each depression and drop the yolks into the hollows. Then place the pan in a moderate oven and cook for three minutes, or so. Serve immediately in a warm dish.

Baked Tomatoes.—Cut the tomatoes in halves; pour juice and pulp over some crumbled bread; pepper and salt. Fill up the tomatoes with mixture; put in a baking dish; sprinkle with crumbs of bread, a little salt and pepper, some bits of butter, and bake.

Greasiness of the Skin.—For greasiness of the skin what is known as toilet vinegar is desirable; this may be dabbed, not rubbed, on the face. By and by, do not use soap either before or after the toilet vinegar, as the acid of one will decompose the other, and an undesirable effect may result. When the skin is stained from furs, or black material close about the throat, a slice of lemon rubbed over the marks will effectually remove them. Lemons are good taken internally and externally, drinking lemonade frequently giving an impetus to the digestion, while the juice of the lemon applied to the skin is commended for removing freckles and tan.

Work Table.—A work table, which was an original idea with its maker and owner, will bear description and copying. The table foundation was an oblong top piece with a broom handle tripod, upon which it rested firmly. These can be bought in any furniture store, plain, gilded, or white, for 50 or 75 cents. Over the top was fitted a flat cover of cream cretonne covered with daisies. A straight piece, fourteen inches in depth, sewed to the top piece on every side, was the foundation for a double row of shirred-on pockets of the cretonne on three sides. The fourth side had only one deep pocket for large pieces of work. A bow of yellow ribbon finished one corner, and to this was attached, by hanging narrow ribbons, scissors, emery and needle book. A small cushion for pins stood on the top beside a little lacquer tray as a temporary catch all for old buttons, spools in use, etc. An advantage of the bag cover was that it was not fastened to the table, but could be taken off, turned inside out, shaken free of dust, and restored in a moment of time and with great ease.

Approximating to the Custom.

"Bruddern, I'se so indispoged wid de rumatiz dis mawnin I finds myself unable to stan up an talk to ye, an so I ax de congregation ter stan up instid, whilst I disco'se."

The hen is not a cheerful fowl. She broods a great deal.

"How treacherous the ocean is," "Yes, it is full of craft."

Persistency is a great virtue, but it is hard to admire it in a fly.

A doctor always remembers kindly his first patient—if the patient lives.

Life is short—only four letters in it. Three-quarters of it is a lie and half of it an if.

Billiards resemble matrimony, inasmuch as kisses and scratches are common to both.

Jenkins: "Where is the sea serpent oftenest seen?" Weatherbeat: "Near Cape Horn, I imagine."

Ballet girl: "Summer work is terrible." Her rival: "Padding makes you feel the heat so much, I presume."

"Don't you know, prisoner, that it is very wrong to steal a pig?" "I do now, your honor. They make such a row."

He: "We are now coming to a tunnel. Are you not scared?" She: "Not a bit, if you will take that cigar out of your mouth."

"Do you see double?" asked the oculist, who was examining Farmer Fodder's eyes. "Of course I do," replied the farmer. "I have two eyes, haven't I?"

If everybody improved the minutes with the zeal that a hen puts into her work while making a surreptitious five-minute call in a flower garden, what a world this would be.

A country paper has this personal item: Those who know old Mr. Wilson of this place personally will regret to hear that he was assaulted in a brutal manner last week, but was not killed.

Friend: "Considering that this is your third baby, I don't see why you should be so exuberantly happy over it." Young father, who had been honored with twins before: "Y-e-s, but it's only one this time."

Mrs. B.: "How is that contested will case coming on, Mr. Skimmer?" Mr. S.: "It's all settled, and in my favor." "I congratulate you! I suppose you will be taking your family to Europe now?" "No, but I understand my lawyer goes next week."

Friend, after tea: "Your little wife is a brilliantly handsome woman. I should think you would be jealous of her." Ohio man, confidentially: "To tell the truth, Simpkins, I am. I never invite anybody here that any same woman would take a fancy to."